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# THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE

EDITED BY  
ANGUS SINCLAIR



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Volume IV

Number 9

**THE** almost universal winnings of the **DARRACQ CARS** in Europe lead us to publish for the benefit of our American readers an almost literal translation of a recent advertisement in French Journals of Messrs. A. Darracq et Cie, as follows:

Like at NICE—Like in CIRCUIT DU NORD—Like in PARIS-VIENNE!

SO IN THE

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All the vehicles, large or small; large carriages, light carriages, wagonettes, etc., are wiped out by the light vehicle!

THE LIGHT CARRIAGE

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The Laffrey Hill of 7 kilometres was made in just 10 minutes by Armand Mauselin in the light Darracq vehicle, beating by six seconds the first large steam vehicle! Beating by twelve minutes last year's record and winning the prize of "L'Auto-Velo" as Victor or Conqueror of all the Classes.

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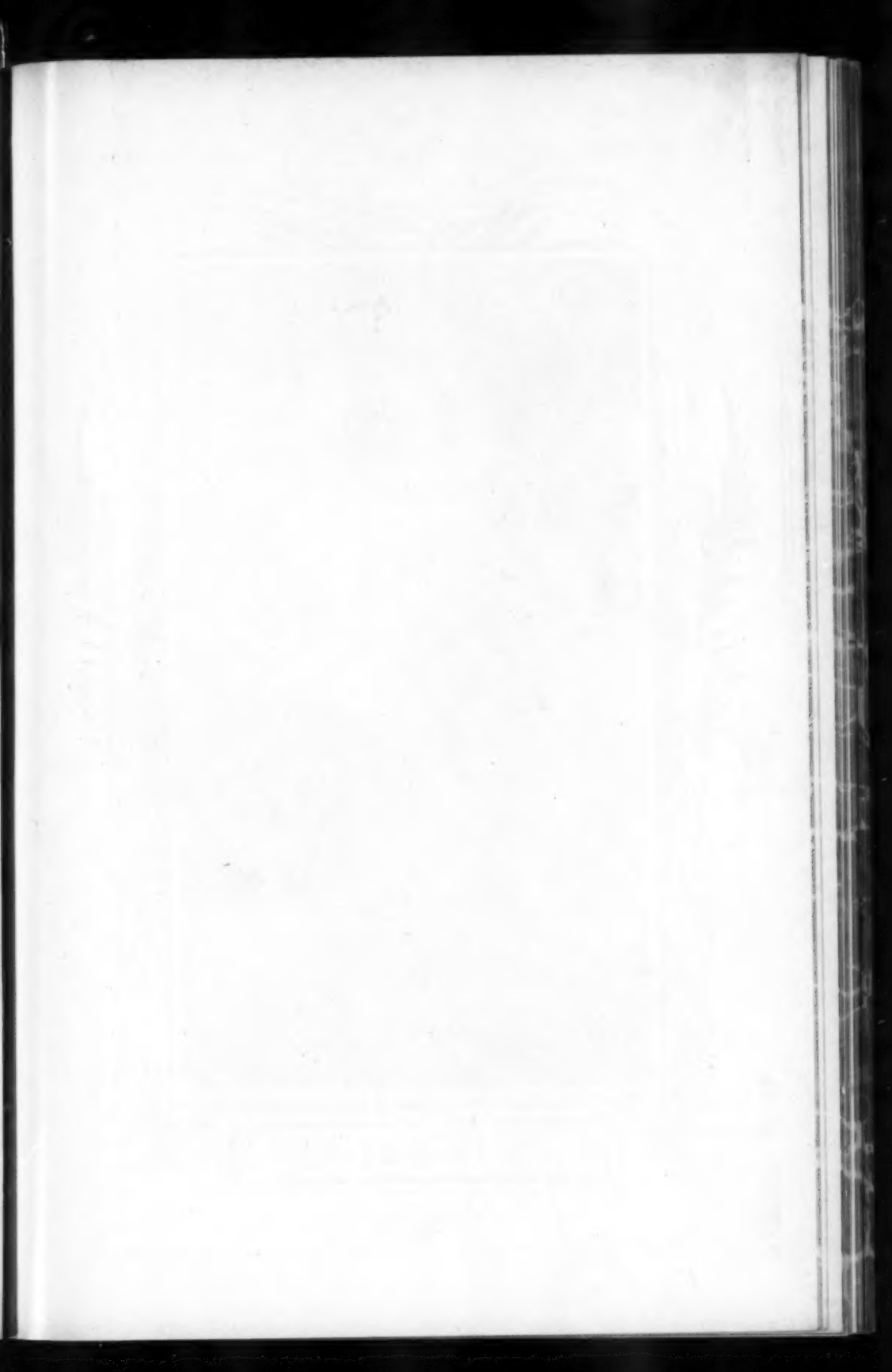
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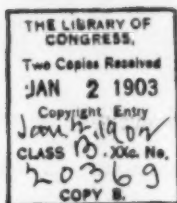
F. A. LA ROCHE, Sales Manager

Near 14th Street Station,  
9th Avenue Elevated R. R.









# THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE

VOL. IV

SEPTEMBER, 1902

No. 9

## The Automobile Interests of Chicago



WITH just a trace of that conscious importance which self-satisfied Easterners pretend to think the one essential and predominant trait, but with a foundation of deep interest shown in sound and practical ways, the automobilists of the Middle West are taking good care of the sport in their section of the country. It is essential to the well-being of automobilism as a national institution that this should be so. About

the head of Lake Michigan there is not only the greatest population and the largest wealth of inland America, but the transportation and commerce of the mid-continent center there and radiate in every direction. Out of the crucible of such conditions proceed the forces that go to determine the permanent average results of movements like these.

The term "crucible of conditions" is used most advisedly in this connection. Nowhere else in the United States do more lines and purposes cross in the warp and woof of the sport. The layout of the country has a great deal to do with it. Fine boulevards and bottomless lakeside-and-prairie roads are alongside, as well as at right angles to each other. Splendid modern parks and picturesque drives are as likely as not over against unreclaimed swamp-land and ragged forestry. Ultimate plans do not always show forth in the work. The one factor the same yesterday, to-day and

forever is the lake—its far-reaching blue at times one with the horizon of the near prairie.

Nature gave the Chicago district plenty of room to grow up and spread about in, wherefore you come across the "city limits" signs long before sidewalks, lampposts and other evidences of municipal organization begin. The native outdoors in and about the city is deeply sand-strewn, and wherever anything—road, park, business building or exposition—is lifted above this unstable bottom, money and labor have combined to do it. These are the two chief tools of the people and city of Chicago, and though applied at times in ways that pass the understanding of the outsider, none can deny that the achievements are many and great.

Failure in one direction invariably stimulates that sort of effort which wins the same ends by other means. On lower Michigan avenue, not far from the new Public Library, one may still see the half-abandoned office and storage building of the Illinois Electric Vehicle Company. Two years ago this was the headquarters of a motor cab service started on lines that under better street and road conditions would doubtless have proven abundantly successful. A large number of electric vehicles patrolled the downtown districts until midnight, picking up passengers anywhere and whirling them to their destinations as the horse could never do. The vehicles were especially desired by theater parties. It looked for a time as if the institution had become permanently established in Chicago; but of a sudden the service went out of existence, and the old time "cabby" took heart again. The cost of operation, repairs, replacements and other fixed charges took up the total revenue earned and the plan, commercially a loser, passed under eclipse. Some day it will come again—to stay.

Meanwhile that heavy cost of operation which a stock company in the public service could not overcome sufficiently to earn adequate dividends on the investment, has been distributed around among the fast-growing circle of automobilists. Individual enterprise now sustains a multiplying number of vehicles of every kind and description and, despite the handicaps that made this one failure, the sport waxes strong and prosperous exceedingly. In front of the building where the electric cabs went in and out for a time, there pass and repass a procession of machines of every well-known type and detail of construction, American and foreign. This variety is unsurpassed on this side of the Atlantic; in point of numbers only does the eastern seaboard unmistakingly lead.

Individual enterprise, then, is the keynote and keystone of automobile progress in the mid-West. What is lost in the shorter riding season as compared with New York, Philadelphia and Boston is made up in close devotion to the cause in the day of opportunity. There is a great deal of technical knowledge of the up-to-date kind possessed by the rank and file among owners, likewise a careful following of the subject through the various publications devoted to the sport and trade. It is not uncommon that an enthusiast subscribes for six or seven journals, following such development in each as suits his particular interest in self-propulsion. Of



Home of the Chicago Automobile Club

such stuff is the success of any new and widespread movement made.

#### THE NEW CLUB AND ITS WORK.

A great deal of solid momentum has been imparted to automobilism in the Middle West during the past year by the Chicago Automobile Club. Late in starting and organizing for actual work as compared with the eastern clubs, much has been made up by vigorous and persistent effort since it has been under way. In 1900 a small but enthusiastic company under the name of the Western Automobile Association, it gained quietly, but without

attracting special attention to itself until the Chicago show in March of the present year.

At that time it kept open house in a room on the second floor of the Coliseum Annex, and visitors from everywhere found a warm welcome awaiting them. Some special indoor races were held in the name of the club, ambitious members participating. A



C. A. C. Reading Room

smoker or two followed in an informal social way, and at the end of the show the club had extended its name, while spreading its own acquaintance far and wide. Nor has it since been backward in any local enterprise of the sport. The 100-miles endurance run, first planned for July 12 and afterward postponed until August 2, was its own special affair. It was here

also that plans for a greater endurance run from Chicago to New York first took form. This event would doubtless have taken place this fall but for the fact that the Automobile Club of America will be busy with its New York-Boston run about the time best suited for the longer event. It will therefore have first place on the outdoor program for 1903, with the western club as the prime mover. Through this means other mid-western clubs will be quickened in their support of the long distance game.

Immediately after the Chicago show, search was begun for appropriate permanent headquarters, resulting in the lease of the three-story building at 243 Michigan avenue for a term of years. Extensive alterations and repairs were made to the building, which was refurnished complete and a garage large enough to hold from twenty-five to thirty vehicles added to the rear of the lot, with a driveway leading to and from the street. Complete possession was had in the early summer, and an abiding home for the social side of the sport established.



Reception Room, C. A. C.

The location itself is superb, being on Michigan avenue, overlooking the Lake Front Park and the lake, from about midway between the Illinois Central Railroad station and the Art Museum. It is just off Harrison street, less than two blocks from the Auditorium—the still more conspicuous locality, from which organized runs frequently start instead. The principal hotels, theaters and depots are nearby or easily accessible, while the direct and best thoroughfare between the north and south sides of the



F. C. Donald, President



C. H. Tucker, Vice-Pres.

city is Michigan avenue itself. From the docks along either side of the river still farther downtown, pleasure boats and commercial craft go to and from all Great Lakes ports, including Sault Ste. Marie, Mackinac Island, Duluth, Detroit and Buffalo.

The executive officers of the Chicago Automobile Club are not only enthusiastic sportsmen, but well-known business men as well. Mr. F. C. Donald, president, is Commissioner of the Central Passenger Association; Mr. Edwin F. Brown, vice-president, of Brown Bros. Mfg. Co., is also president of the

American Motor League. Mr. C. H. Tucker, the other vice-president, and Mr. F. X. Mudd, treasurer, are both gentlemen eminently suited for the offices they fill. The Board of Governors is composed of J. E. Keith, Dr. Milton B. Pine, B. F. Schlesinger, W. D. Sargent, Harrison Musgrave, J. W. Bate, B. J. Arnold and S. A. Miles.

Back of all that which the public intimately knows, the makers of and dealers in automobiles, accessories, supplies and the like form a very necessary



Edwin F. Brown, Vice-Pres.

and important part of the sport's reliance. As was the case with cycling, the trade's influence in the public events of automobilism is found to be a large and valuable factor. Though in the manufacture of complete machines Chicago itself does not yet lead, everything on the American market has representation there, and the home product of equipments and fittings is a large and growing one.



Walter L. Githens, Sec'y

Roads, like rails, come into Chicago from the four quarters of the big mid-Western country, and although their entrance from outside is at no time all that could be desired, the beaten path is through the center, not around. Touring westbound from northern Ohio, northern Indiana or southern Michigan (the Cleveland-Toledo-Chicago, or the Detroit-Jackson-Battle Creek-Chicago routes), the shape of the lake compels one to go around through South Bend

and La Porte to Hammond and Pullman, coming finally into the boulevard-and-park system. The same entry would finish a tour up from Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Logansport, Fort Wayne or Crown Point, entering from the southeast.

Along the Drainage Canal points to Joliet and Kankakee opens up the way to a great deal of fine country in central Illinois, though not so conveniently reached out of Chicago. Then there is the Elgin-Aurora Century Course, touching the routes immediately west at many points. In time all these will be described and illustrated in the touring department of the *AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE*. The Fox River Valley invites the tourist who wills to seek out the hills and

vales that exist in the bosom of the prairie country. Striking north-by-west, there is the line to Lake Geneva, to Madison, crossing routes threading all of southern and central Wisconsin. Close by the north shore is the most popular tour of all—the Sheridan road, forming



F. X. Mudd, Treasurer



an important part of the Chicago-Milwaukee line, as given in this issue.

Fine passenger steamers connect Chicago during the season of navigation with Kenosha, Racine, Milwaukee, Green Bay, Escanaba, Mackinac Island, St. Ignace, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, Ashland, Duluth, Charlevoix, Petoskey, Ludington, Grand Haven, South Haven, Benton Harbor, Michigan City and a hundred other points on the Great Lakes. Not only that, but connection may be had at Mackinac Island for the Canadian coast of Lake Huron, Owen Sound, Collinwood and other resorts. On all of these lines arrangements may be made for the accommodation of automobiles, though our experience has been that they quote no regular prices for carrying machines, but charge a considerable figure when one has made his plans and cannot retreat. This will all change, however, with increasing travel of this kind, as has been the case on Long Island Sound within the past year.

It will readily be gathered from this cursory examination of the present-time automobile interests of Chicago that there is a great future for the sport and trade alike in that section. The quality of adaptability is not lacking in the people interested any more than the quality of enterprise. In and about the city a surprising number of fine homes have provided special accommodations for automobiles, either in place of or in addition to the usual stables. This is possible in Chicago proper to a greater extent than on Manhattan Island, on account of the roominess of the average home and grounds. First-class storage and repair stations have been established at convenient points, and various other facilities for the furtherance of the sport looked after in a thorough-going manner.



## Evanston La Superba

ROBERT BRUCE



**O**NE result of the postponement of the 100-miles endurance run of the Chicago Automobile Club was to give several of the eastern automobilists and newspaper men an opportunity to get acquainted with the riding district in and about Chicago. To such—especially those who had heretofore known only the way in and out over the sands of Northern Indiana the Sheridan road was a revelation, showing that the picturesque country alongside Lake Michigan may challenge comparison with the Jersey shore or the upper Massachusetts coast, once the same thoroughgoing improvement is undertaken in the West, such as has been done in the East.

Accepting the invitation of a C. A. C. member, I have a round trip to Evanston to remember for many a day. Not that there was anything particularly exciting about it, on the score of speed or otherwise; but such an interesting little suburb, placed half way on an unexcelled lakeside boulevard, stirs the enthusiasm in a manner entirely unexpected at the beginning. Over the Chicago river by Lincoln Park boulevard and Lake Shore drive to Lincoln Park, and finally Lake View avenue into the Sheridan road—all this might have a close counterpart in any other section of country. But Evanston—there's only one—reposes in dignity unsurpassed among her kind an hour's ride after the start from the lake front, in downtown Chicago.

Your first hint of approach to Evanston is a two-faced "notice," prominently displayed at the limits of this modern Eden. The purpose of the first side is simply to call attention to the warning words on the other side. Your more accustomed companion smiles inaudibly as you ask him in all seriousness to slow down in order that you may read the words. Then he explains how



much more strict in its special way this demure appearing place is than Prohibition Park, Staten Island, ever thought of being, and how the speed restriction is only a means to a very different end.

Here the officers of the law are wont to swoop down on an automobile club run of a bright Sunday morning, after the manner of a far-western highwayman or a customs inspector at the Canadian border, and go through the crowd for articles (according to their definition) contraband of war. If found possessed of a flask, you may either give it up, have it sealed during your run through Evanston or go to jail, with long chances on the middle course. Even oil cans and water tanks are viewed with suspicion. Street signs on some thoroughfares are removable, so as to be taken down Saturday nights and put up Monday mornings, to the occasional great confusion of the touring craft. If alcohol motors ever come into use, they will doubtless be

stopped at the border on general principles and be forced to go far around or fly over.

Once in the city, quaint bits of Evanstonian character appear on every hand. Instead of the usual sign tacked against the house, the words "For Sale" are built in the green lawn of a fine homestead in letters formed of stones whitewashed on top, like some names of towns and cities on railroad station grounds. In some of the outlying sections, telegraph and telephone poles are carried entirely through the lots, and not seen at all on the streets. Just off to the west is one of the banner dairy districts of Illinois, and small droves of cattle frequently pass through portions of Evanston—but not loose, for that would disturb the peace and harmony of the queenly suburb. As a precaution against this, each animal is secured with a halter, all of the latter connected together by a stout rope, binding the drove together into a solid line of protesting cattle. The drivers follow on bicycles, and



with whips in their hands direct the phalanx in the way it should go.

But Evanston itself is a picture, framed by the winding lake shore and placed in relief by the surrounding country. Such exquisitely beautiful lawns are not excelled by anything at Newport or Lenox; nor are its trees one whit less attractive than the more famous ones of the Connecticut river valley. They lack only the greater age and the special fame. Perfectly paved and well-kept streets and roads lead in every direction. All in all, it is the sort of place one would expect to find somewhere in New England rather than within an hour's ride of Chicago. But the freshness of the place proclaims it after all of the West—an advance type of multitudes of such places sure to develop on the shores of the Great Lakes within the next few years. Evanston's extreme Puritanism will finally wear off, leaving her not less attractive, but much more agreeable than she (sometimes) is to-day.

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#### From the Canticle of the Tourist

A draught of water from the spring,  
An apple from the wayside tree,  
A bit of bread for strengthening,  
A pipe for grace and policy;  
And so, by taking time, to find  
A world that's manly to one's mind;  
Some health, some wit in friends a few,  
Some high behaviors in their kind,  
Some dispositions to be true.



## Touring Department



### Chicago-Milwaukee Route

**D**OWNTOWN Chicago looks out upon Lake Michigan across a narrow park won back from the lapping waters. All in all, it is one of the most interesting inland marine views in the United States. Between the Lake Front, for the most part bare of tree, vine and shrub, but rich in green-sward, and the solid line of buildings on the opposite side, broken only by the ends of intersecting streets, Michigan avenue runs straight from the residential south side to the Chicago river, over against the north side. It is kept all the while in good riding condition, and with immediate connections to and from the suburbs and the open country at either end, it forms an important part of the best and most convenient thoroughfare across the city.

Automobile tours to and from the East via Northern Ohio and Indiana and Southern Michigan will finally come into it, while runs outward North and West, following the lakeside, will use it as the first link. Naturally, therefore, the Chicago Automobile Club has established its headquarters so as to overlook both the Lake Front and the avenue; and the locality becomes forthwith the point from which tours are calculated and distances reckoned.

Having spoken so favorably of Michigan avenue and at the same time emphasizing its importance to the road system of Chicago, the visiting tourist may not be prepared to say adieu to it almost the minute that he starts out toward Milwaukee. But the club house is located far downtown, and the Chicago river brings the avenue officially to an end after it has furnished many miles of good riding for the incomer from the East. Its immediate northern connections—a portion of Rush street with a single block of Ohio street—serve the purpose of a connecting link over the Lincoln Park boulevard and Lake Shore drive, by which the way opens up to the Sheridan road and the upper North Shore.

Though the intervening distances directly taken are about the same in both cases, the variety of rail, boat and road lines bind Chicago and Milwaukee together in more different ways than even New York and Philadelphia. There are no ferries to cross, for one thing, but instead there is a river at any of whose bridges road travel may experience a slight delay. The faster express trains of the C. M. & St. P. and the Northwestern make the run in two hours, and the passenger express steamers one round trip each daily. Cyclists commonly allow one full day for it, and automobilists should do the same, especially if stops are to be made en route. However, the roads, though sandy at times, are generally good, and if all goes well an unexpected delay can be made up by increased speed.

#### THE CHICAGO-EVANSTON PORTION.

In making the run to or toward Milwaukee, it is best to plan the start from in front of or near the Chicago Automobile Club-house, 243 Michigan avenue, or from the Auditorium. North-bound, pass to the right the Art Museum and the temporary Post Office, to the left the fine building of the Chicago Athletic Club and the new Public Library. Now in the older wholesale district, there are several blocks of stone pavement to the bridge over the Chicago river. Straight ahead would bring up to the Goodrich Line docks, but a half-turn left, then straight on over the bridge, carries over into Rush street and the North Side.

A glance back to the nearer side of the business building opposite, just before entering upon the bridge, will discover a marble tablet marking the site of old Fort Dearborn, the pioneer settlement at the meeting place of Lake Michigan and the Chicago river. It may be worth while to leave the stream of traffic at this point for a minute and swing up alongside for a closer reading of the chiseled inscription. In so doing one faces River street, a single block long, by which it is possible to come from the Wabash avenue business district without using Michigan avenue at all. There being no bridge from Wabash avenue to the North Side, road travel from that thoroughfare is brought into the Rush street bridge by River street, or else carried a block below and over the State street bridge into North State street. The latter may be useful for reaching certain North Side points, but it is not in line with our present purpose.

Finishing Rush street bridge, go out in front of the passenger and freight entrances to the Barry Line docks, and keep on for



four blocks of stone pavement, to the corner of Ohio street. Here turn one block right on Ohio street to Lincoln Park boulevard, then north (left turn) again. For a distance this improvised boulevard is nothing more than a common street, paved with asphalt and kept in fair shape for riding; but after passing between the water tower and the pumping station of the North Side water works (at Chicago avenue), it becomes both wider and better, leading shortly into Lake Shore drive. Some of the finest residences in the city (including the Potter Palmer mansion-castle) line the left side of the drive, and on the right a long, white seawall keeps back the waters. After a few blocks the drive comes into Lincoln Park at a point where (to the right) a number of mortars surround a large mounted gun, taken from the Spanish battleship *Marie Theresa* at Santiago, July 3, 1898.

At this point a choice of two routes through the first half of the park is offered. By turning slightly to the right you come out upon the road which continues close to the water-line for a short distance and then turns back into the main park thoroughfare again. The path of the steamers to and from Milwaukee and the nearer Wisconsin shore is not far out, and various water-craft are likely to be in sight. Otherwise, keep straight ahead as you enter Lincoln Park from the Lake Shore drive, and go up past the Grant monument—the latter a frequent point of rendezvous for touring parties.

The Lincoln monument is not in sight in either event, being over to the left in front of the Dearborn avenue entrance. To reach it, make a broad bend to the left (from the group of mortars as you enter the park) and run up alongside. When ready to leave, keep to the same road by which you entered, but bending all the while to the right, coming out by the bandstand and in front of the Grant monument.

Leaving the Grant monument, by the main road alongside to the right, Lincoln Park is soon finished, and one is carried across Diversey avenue (north boundary of the park) into Lake View avenue. For a considerable distance now, the latter is separated from the lake only by the width of a long wooden pier, built for the convenience of sightseers and fishermen. Where Lake View avenue comes abruptly to an end, the Sheridan road—a square turn to the right—modestly begins. Take this and keep straight ahead until a half block beyond the Northwestern Elevated tracks. Here make another square turn—this time to the right—

pass the Sheridan station of the elevated railroad, which may be said to mark the beginning of the Sheridan road proper.

One's course is now determined in a general way to Fort Sheridan, twenty-eight miles from Chicago, and in the main it is direct. Below Evanston, the necessary turns and bends are caused entirely by the shape of the lake shore and the layout of large property tracts, and are thus easily followed. Going through Evanston, the identity of the road is for a while lost, only to be found shortly above. No special lookout is required until one comes into a cross-way, plainly marked "Stockham Place." Here the way ahead is blocked and the right turn is seen to lead down and end at the shore. Turn left on Stockham place one block, then right onto Forest avenue—a thoroughfare of palatial homes and perfectly kept lawns—which keep to the crossing at right angles of Davis street. If desired to go up into Evanston, take Davis street direct to the center of the city, to the railroad stations and other places of interest. Meanwhile the intervening towns of Edgewater and Rogers Park have been passed, scarcely knowing it.

#### THE EVANSTON-KENOSHA-RACINE PORTION.

If not intending to stop at Evanston, bend a trifle to the right (on Forest avenue at Davis street) onto Forest place, which brings up alongside a little lake front park. The signs at the near corner are apt to confuse, as they seem to direct to the left (uptown) for the continuation of the Sheridan road. Not so, but keep the roadway between the lake and the park, a block or so to Fish Hall of the Northwestern University. Here turn left, so as to get a clear way north, and continue alongside the campus and other buildings to the Evanston city limits. The Sheridan road is now re-established. The original intention was to put it through Evanston without a break, but lack of co-operation on the part of certain large property holders prevented; and now it seems unlikely ever to be accomplished.

Still close to the lake, taking in a superb horseshoe curve formed by the shore, past the grounds of the Wilmette Country Club and opposite Winnetka (a mile from the town and station), the section loses its strictly level character. Ravinia, a railroad point just above Winnetka, takes its name no doubt from the ravines that run down the shore and are crossed by the Sheridan road over substantial wooden bridges, all, however, with the usual warning against speed. Coming into Highland Park, the route runs into the

center of the town, alongside the railroad tracks, past the Northwestern Military Academy, to the depot. Take the first right beyond the depot, then first left, keeping same to Fort Sheridan, turning left again at the Mess Hall and up past the barracks. When the way ahead is blocked by the guardhouse immediately in front, turn right and go out of the fort grounds, over the railroad tracks, into the highway.

This point marks a decided change in the character of the run. So far from Lake View, Chicago, it has been from fair to good macadam, mostly level and kept absolutely free from traffic. Only for a short distance at Highland Park have trolley tracks been alongside, and here they are no hindrance to pleasure riding. At times, from beginning to end, speed exercised with caution and good judgment is safe and reasonable. A return trip from here to Chicago makes a round trip of about 56 miles—a short and easy, as well as an interesting journey. The rest of the way to Milwaukee is more of an ordinary country road, sometimes good, at other times bad, but all of it passable for stanch touring vehicles.

From the Fort Sheridan grounds, keep the street car tracks until the depot is passed. Here the cars and one road lead off to the right for a short cut to Lake Forest. But it is a hard matter to get an automobile over it except in the best of weather. Instead, go up and out from the depot, around by the Onwentsia Country Club, coming into Lake Forest at right angles with the railroad tracks. Cross the tracks and swing up alongside for a fair to good run through Lake Bluff and North Chicago to Waukegan, entering the latter by a large viaduct into Genesee street, the principal thoroughfare in the city. At the main cross street, Washington, turn right one block (toward the Northwestern depot), then first left, State street, direct through "Zion City" into Kenosha. Entering Kenosha, the road leads over the railroad tracks and on to where a brick pavement crosses at right angles. Turn right and follow Prairie avenue to the small city park. Go along two sides of the park, then diagonally ahead into the principal street of the city.

Leaving Kenosha, continue on Main street to the bridge, where bend slightly to the right into a short street which carries over into Milwaukee avenue, toward Racine. The road is sandy, with here and there a stretch of gravel, or at times a light black soil difficult to get over. But the way is easy to follow, being nearly all the time along the interurban electric line and the Northwestern

tracks. Coming into Racine, however, the way is not so clear. The main road's course is finally broken into two right angles—being different ways into the city. Turn left and go down to the lake, without regard to where the trolley tracks turn off. Keep along the lake to the Racine college grounds, from which locality Wisconsin street is direct, but not so good as College street, the next one to it on the left. Keep College street all the way downtown, finally by a short right turn, on Sixth avenue, into the open square in front of the Hotel Racine.

#### THE RACINE-MILWAUKEE PORTION.

Go down past the Hotel Racine on Main street for a few blocks until the electric street cars turn off to the left (straight ahead bringing up shortly to lumber yards and docks). Turn left, State street, cross the bridge over the railroad tracks and river, taking the first clear right—Douglas avenue, unmarked by sign. The electric cars likewise turn up Douglas avenue, which is followed until merged with Milwaukee avenue, direct to South Milwaukee, the latter entered by crossing under the Northwestern tracks, up into the town a short distance east of the station.

Keep north with the street cars also past the packing plant of the Cudahy Brothers Company, and through the town of Cudahy. Be sure, however, to keep straight ahead where the cars turn off, first for the Cudahy depot and then for an entrance of their own into the city; otherwise there is trouble in store. The road straight ahead comes closer and closer to the lake shore, with fine views of the horseshoe harbor. The outlook is particularly fine from the St. Francis Asylum and Academy grounds. Passing this group of buildings (to the left), the street signs indicate that Milwaukee is being approached by Superior street, which keep until it brings to Bay View station of the Northwestern Railroad. This is a bad grade crossing and calls for care, as the traffic (especially freight and switching), is not only heavy but almost constant. Once over, turn right alongside the tracks (Bay street), which follow, notwithstanding its irregularities, until it brings into Kinnickinnic avenue.

Turn right on Kinnickinnic avenue which, with Clinton street, is one thoroughfare (some asphalt but more stone pavement) to the river, through the heavy manufacturing section of the city. There is no bridge at the foot of Clinton street, but a right turn for one block along the river will bring up to the bridge crossing to East Water street, which take. This street passes through the

old wholesale district to Wisconsin street which, with Grand avenue, forms one and the principal thoroughfare (broken only by a bridge), across Milwaukee from the lake front to the farther suburbs. The road distances from Chicago are, approximately, as follows: Fort Sheridan, 28 miles; Waukegan, 40 miles; Kenosha, 56 miles; Racine, 66 miles; Milwaukee, 90 miles.

The suburban aspect, lost at Fort Sheridan, is not regained on the trip until Milwaukee is finally entered. Kenosha and Racine are well-situated and attractive small cities, but both are spread out over large areas; and as soon as you leave them you are again in the open country. And fine country it is, large farms and substantial buildings, with the stamp of thoroughgoing prosperity over all. Scarcely is the blue of Lake Michigan entirely absent. Freshness and rural beauty are side by side with the hum of industry and the swift movement of commerce. It is a section, withal, that none need be ashamed to call home.

### Premonitory Symptoms of a Flop

"Bosh! Don't tell me that driving an automobile requires brain work," exclaimed old Billion. "Any fool can set up on a seat and twist one of those wheels around which ever way he wants the blamed thing to go."

"Dear me, Cyrus," said Mrs. Billion, who from long experience knew the symptoms, "are you getting the craze, too, after all you've said against them?"



## On and Off the Milwaukee Line

**I**T will be understood, of course, that the Michigan avenue-Rush street-Lincoln boulevard line is not the only way out of Chicago to Lincoln Park and the North Shore. However, as this course is the most direct and best suited of all for the Milwaukee run, starting from Chicago Automobile Clubhouse on the lake front, confusion is not invited by attempting to list secondary possibilities in the touring story. The latter are chiefly interesting when one has ample time to make optional or additional trips of them.

Of the other outlets in the same direction, one is of special note. Dearborn avenue is a direct and splendidly paved thoroughfare from the river to Lincoln Park. Starting from the Dearborn street business district or nearby downtown, it is as easy to take the several blocks of stone pavement to the bridge leading across to Dearborn avenue as it is to reach the Rush street bridge from lower Michigan avenue. In doing this one comes into Lincoln Park immediately in front of the Lincoln monument, and has only to bend right to reach the Grant monument and the main thoroughfare road running alongside.

This optional beginning of the North Shore trip is easily reversed, which prompts the suggestion that an up-trip to or beyond Lincoln Park, as given in the tour in this issue, returning by the Lincoln monument and Dearborn avenue to the river, over into Dearborn street, or vice versa, may be worth the time of the visitor. In this case the meeting and parting of the park ways will be at the Grant monument. Having once found out the various routes that center at this important point, the entire park becomes easy to master from the road-user's standpoint, and the different ways of going in and out of it will come into mind.

The course selected for the 100-miles Endurance Run of the Chicago Automobile Club was over the course of the Milwaukee tour for the forty miles or so which separate Chicago and Waukegan. The only difference was that the tour read up and that (the concluding) portion of the Endurance Run read down. This particular section is not only the best of the one hundred miles, but also the finest stretch of continuous roadway in the Chicago district. The remainder of the century run was made up of an outer and longer course to Waukegan, starting west from the C. A. C. clubhouse, via Jackson and Washington boulevards, to Austin and Oak Park, thence to a crossing over the Des Plaines River beyond.



This river it followed north through Des Plaines to Wheeling and Libertyville. From the latter point there is a slight easterly bend and finally a due east course to Waukegan, entering the city by Washington street uptown, or else coming into the shore road near the large viaduct immediately below.



One who wishes to add a few miles in order to make his run to Milwaukee a full century might take the longer Wheeling-Libertyville course to Waukegan, and from that point the route as given in the touring story. This would make a combination inland-and-shore route instead of all the way along the shore, though with the longer distance would come a few stretches of clay and sand better suited for an endurance test than for a pleasure excursion. Again, selecting one's own time and pace, a fine run over the regular 100-miles Endurance Course can be made. These optional ways are in fact quite too numerous to be included in a single article. When desired, additional information will be sought out for subscribers by our correspondence and information departments.

The Sheridan road, though apparently halted at Fort Sheridan, is very probably to have a future beyond the anticipations of those who ride over it to-day. There is no good reason why its main line should not be extended ultimately through to Milwaukee, sending branches into Southern Wisconsin, particularly to Lake Geneva and its environs. There are no physical obstacles in the way, for the section above Evanston can scarcely be called thickly settled, and the material benefits to abutting and adjoining property would be enormous.

There is already a natural way between the city of Waukegan and the lake, and the main street through Kenosha could easily be used to carry the road over and beyond. Some new and original construction would be necessary for the entrance into and exit from Racine—this being the one perplexing portion of the Chicago-Milwaukee route to-day. Once out of Racine, the way is open for the continuation of the Sheridan road into Milwaukee, on good foundations already laid. It seems to be an exceptional opportunity for the automobilists of the two interested States, and non-residents would watch the outcome with concern. It would then become the "Great" Sheridan road, as some say even to-day. Admitting this to be so, it is but an initial mark on what the future should fully realize.

### The Spark That Failed

*There once was a fair Chauffeuse*



*Whom a false spark had thrown into blues;*

*So she started down hill,  
at a pace meant to kill.*



*When a lost spark gave time  
for new views.*

A. S.

## Over Mountains to Wheeling

**W**HEN W. M. Vance purchased the 1,600 pound 12 horse power Darracq here shown, and announced he intended to drive his new purchase to his home in Wheeling, W. Va., people who knew the mountains and the roads which would have to be traveled over, laughed. Mr. Vance was not deterred by this, and accompanied by L. O. Getchell started on what the wiseacres all agreed was a foolhardy trip. Once more the know-italls were mistaken; in eight days of leisurely traveling Mr. Vance rolled into Wheeling with both the vehicle and himself none the



worse for the journey they had taken. There was not a breakdown during the entire trip, and despite the terrible condition of the mountain roads the tires escaped from serious injury of any kind. One scarcely knows who to congratulate the most upon the successful accomplishment of such a demonstration of the automobile's ability—the man who makes the journey or the man who makes the vehicle. Certainly automobiling is a debtor to both.

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### The Scorchers' Creed

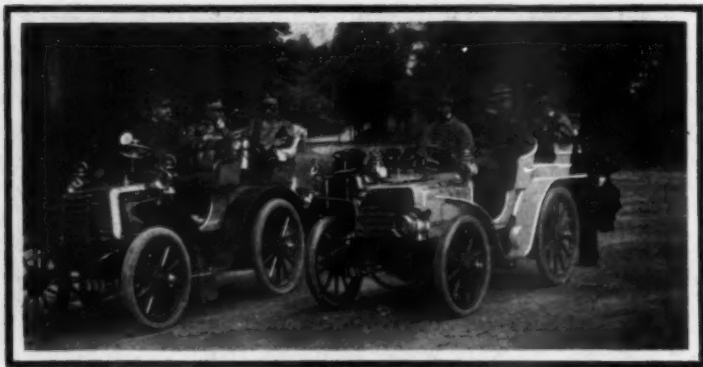
Count that day lost  
Whose low descending sun  
Views no poor wretch  
O'er whom thou hast run.

## From Gas Mantels to Storage Batteries

**I**T cannot be said of Doctor Auer Von Welsbach that he is of that class of inventors whose performances are so very much less than their promises. Wherever gas is burned the name of Prof. Von Welsbach is known, he having invented the famous mantel which has done so much for the burner of gas. Passing from gas to its successor, electricity, Doctor Welsbach has now come forward with a new storage battery for which he claims greater capacity and a higher voltage than any battery now used.

In the Welsbach battery each cell consists of a plate of zinc and a plate of carbon, the latter being placed at the top of the cell and made from a sheet of elastic graphitized fabric, the whole being used in connection with a ceric sulphate solution, which, during the charging of the cell, is reduced to cerous sulphate. While discharge takes place the action is reversed.

An arched diaphragm of parchment or porous clay is used which prevents any of the carbon particles from falling upon the zinc plate and thus setting up destructive local action. Doctor Welsbach believes that his cell is best adapted for use where the discharge immediately follows the charging. An unfortunate feature of the cell where its use for other than automobile purposes is concerned is that it requires constant stirring or agitation. Where used for motor vehicle work the jarring and vibrations of the vehicle are sufficient, but for stationary batteries it is necessary to provide mechanical agitation of the solution to make it effective.



## Equine vs. Equity

DUGALD McKILLOP



**N**OWADAYS if a runaway horse does some damage the matter is overlooked by the public. If, on the other hand, a motor vehicle causes trouble, what a wave of indignation follows! How shall the scales of justice be balanced?

It is said that if a horse but knew his own strength he could successfully resist all efforts of man to use and control him; and many people are ready to affirm that the horse does at times relapse from his chronic state of enforced docility and attempts to regain his primitive freedom. "What has got into them?"—or some such sentiment—is a frequent remark in regard to even time-honored and faithful horses who, in an unseemly moment, break all the rules of their lives (and incidentally the harness) in some freak effort.

We are but emerging from an era of animalized traffic. The steed which in centuries of war and in peace has subverted the interests of the civilized (or at least of the conquering) nations, has "won his spurs" as a timely motor. Excelled in sagacity by many other animals, the horse has so endeared himself by his usefulness and friendly association in pulling and running, that he has long occupied a safe and certain niche of honor all his own. His excellence in action, speed, endurance, availability, domesticity and wonderful instinct are all factors that cause mankind to respect the horse; although probably the physical beauty of the animal towers above all other reasons in determining his place in public esteem. Many people love a horse, not so much for what he does as for what he is.

The horse as a motive power is being supplanted by the automobile, and we are on the threshold of a tremendously rapid transition period. As opposed to the mechanical motor, the alleged rights of the horse will be stubbornly upheld by his numerous drivers, admirers and other interested parties. Though public opinion leans toward the veteran method, around which associa-

tion has so long clung, an equitable adjustment of respective rights will come all in good time.

The action of street gamins in stoning automobiles and automobilists, seems to be at heart a protest against the idea of a mechanical device superseding animal power. With the urchin it is not a feeling of the horse against the field, but rather of anything to down the machine. In proof whereof, let a trained and docile Jersey cow be attached to a dog cart and driven through the streets of New York, and while it may well be that the amusement of the multitude will rise in an embarrassing wave, yet if a horse should shy at the cow no one would think of annihilation as a fitting fate for the bovine.

Or should some wag procure a strong bird from one of the summer "Ostrich Farms" of the North, harness the same to a buggy and drive through one of our city streets, many horses might take fright. No one, of course, should blame a horse for snorting at such an unwonted combination as an operating ostrich motor, or would the animal be held culpable for running away in such a case. The horse owner and the public, however, would take no such view, and the former would berate Dobbin for his foolishness, and perhaps chastise the favorite for his brainless lack of discrimination; for surely the forbears of the horse, in some desert wild, mayhap, had seen such high-toned creatures. As for the big bird, he, too, may have acted in an uncanny fashion and run *for* of various vehicles and things, after the manner of his kind; but these lapses of road manners on the part of him of the long neck and pathetic eye would be promptly overlooked by a generous public, as they would be by the connoisseur gamin, to whom a circus animal parade, even in detachments, is ever dear.

In equity, it would appear that a puffing motor-cycle or automobile should be as readily forgiven for attracting attention as a panting ostrich or a Texas steer; but the education of the public is slowly evolutionary, and the surely coming time seems yet far off when the bringing inside the limits of any well-governed city of outwardly-beautiful but filth-laden horses, will be not only the menace to human health that it is to-day, but as such a menace which will be legislated against to such an extent as will result in the withdrawal of the now proud possessor of the heart of the public, and of the right of way on our highways, into that comparative obscurity which may be considered his proper place in a really progressive age.



## As the Seasons Come and Go

MINNIE HOOVER-MACKENZIE.

When the robin woos his sweetheart, and the swallows poise and swing;  
When the butterflies and honeybees glance by on gauzy wing;  
When the fields smile back the beauty that the golden sunbeams fling;  
And the air is liquid music where the joyous wood-birds sing;  
When the thrills of life awakened in the hillside echoes ring;  
When the apple-blossoms open, then

an  
    automobile's  
    the  
        thing!

When the shifting lights and shadows chase each other through the land;  
When the rose-leaves fall like blood-drops, by the drifting breezes fanned;  
When the swaying meadow-daisies nod in sleep, a drowsy band;  
When the thoughtful cattle gather where the kindly shade-trees stand;  
When the willow-leaves are trembling like an old man's wrinkled hand;  
When the harvest-fields are golden, then

an  
    automobile's  
    just  
        grand!

When the purple grapes laugh juicily from every tangled vine;  
When the golden-rod sways heavily, as drunk with sunlight's wine;  
When as stars the dainty maples in the woodland ball-room shine;  
When the earth, and sky, and sea are filled with beauty half divine;  
When the brown nuts fall in showers, and the cones drop from the pine;  
When the forest leaves are drifting, then

an  
    automobile's  
    just  
        fine!

When the tempest hurls his cloud-ranks down the arches of the sky;  
When the snowflake tears fall silently as from an angel's eye;  
When the tinkle of the sleigh-bells tells that winter sports are nigh;  
When the ice is on the river, and the wind moans drearily;  
When the naked trees are shivering and the blossoms buried lie;  
When the frost is on the pavement, even then

the  
    automobile's  
    not laid  
        by!



## In the Hospital

Being a Story of Three Automobiles and a Repair Man

REGINALD WALES.

**P**SCH-PSCH! Psch-psch-psch! Psch-psch-psch-psch-psch!  
Psch-psch! P-s-ch ps—ch!

"There now," sighed the ill gasolener wearily, "I knew 'twas no use. Some way this doctor of mine doesn't prescribe the remedies that my poor decrepit system craves. He's a miserable diagnostician and a still worse dispenser of cures. The idea! Dissecting my carbureter stomach into a hundred unrecognizable fragments when it's my sparkers that are at fault. Here I am literally torn to pieces, my body cut clear of'n me and cast with precious little ceremony in a dirty corner; lungs 'bout stuffed full of old dusty waste; heart broken by a cruel blow from a monkey wrench; water veins severed, and my dinner tank dabbed and becovered with grease.

"Here this fellow has been a-foolin' and fussin' with me for the past three hours, entertainin' me royally by cussin' most the time like a South Sea pirate. 'Twas only a minute ago he shied a hammer at my gasoline indicator, just because he well nigh smashed his finger while he was a-tryin' to carve me up still more. Served him right, too. But it didn't just happen to strike him that way, for he began dancin' around like a madman, swearin' something awful and sayin' things I couldn't quite catch, but all the time a-feelin' I figured in it and no complimentary way either.

"After he'd finished his stunt, he got a rag 'bout two yards long, which he wrapped 'round the injured finger, then his face got kinder dark again and pretty soon we had the second edition of the jig. Havin' gone thro' that to his satisfaction, he put my intake valve into the vise and began scrapin' away as tho' he'd taken leave of his senses. Between the groans and shrieks of the file I heard him say:

"'Fool, wagon, auto, or whatever you are,  
Thro' your damn stubbornness I'll carry a scar.'

"He was poetical, that chap was, and I always felt ever since my acquaintance with 'im began that he'd missed his callin' when he took to dealing out physic to crippled motor carriages. I was——"

The gasolene's lamentable tale was cut short by voices, which at first sounded like a confused murmur, then as their owners drew

nearer and nearer, grew more and more distinct, until the pausing hospital wreck had no difficulty in recognizing what was being said.

"Here, you, Jim!" bawled some member of the party who, judging from the volume of sound emanating from his vocal apparatus, was a man of considerable size: "Now, altogether, everybody!" Then followed a series of grunts indicating great muscular exertion.

The repair man by this time was cognizant of the struggling expedition, and promptly leaving his vexatious work, opened wide the entrance door so the newcomers might have uninterrupted access to the shop.

"I say!" shouted he of the deep voice, "give us a lift, will you?"

The repair man cast a pitying glance at his aching finger, then silently took his place among the toiling crew. After two or three fruitless attempts the ponderous electric was finally pushed up the incline and into the station. Having recovered his spent breath sufficiently, the doctor took occasion to inquire as to what state of health his patient was enjoying. "What's the matter?" roared the owner angrily. "Matter enough. Here I was about to go out for a little ride when she played out—just around the corner," he said, jerking his thumb in what was apparently a very distasteful direction. "I couldn't get the thing over here without help, so I called upon these two fellows." The aides stood looking at him expectantly. There may be something in mental telepathy, for their eloquent glances seemed to awaken the spirit of forgotten promises. "Here, take this," he said, handing each what appeared to be a very handsome sum. The emergency corps departed to enjoy life while the necessary material constituents lasted.

"Now," continued the disappointed owner, addressing the repair man, "you get this machine in shape so that I can use it to-morrow." Then hesitatingly and in a tentative tone, "Don't suppose it would be finished if I stepped in along toward evening?"

"N-o," replied the other, affecting much profoundness of thought over the matter—"n-o, I hard-ly think so."

"Oh, well, I'll call the first thing in the morning," replied the owner; then he was lost in the crowded street.

"Well, now, shiver my clutches," muttered the mutilated gasolener, "that means he's a-goin' to let me slide and make love to that fashionable electric." The gasolener gave a fierce snort over what

he deemed an incomparable insult, but his muffler stifled it until but a heart-rending groan was the only outward sign of its tempestuous feelings. However, the noise, slight as it was, attracted the newcomer's attention, which he saw fit to manifest only in a cold, condescending glance.

"Thou wert ever thus," it said with great affectation of speech.

"And thou wert always a miserable slowpoke!" bellowed the gasolener, dangerously excited over the superiority of the other's bearing. "Don't yer spring any of yer fine words and oratorical frills at me. I—I won't have it!"

"Come, now," said the electric in a soothing voice, "that wasn't exactly a personal remark, but rather meant for your class. You understand me. Not meant for *you*, but for your class," insisted the speaker, seeing his companion was in no humor to take kindly to raillery.

"Class indeed!" exclaimed the gasolener in a modified tone, although there was still a shade of resentment noticeable. "Class indeed! I'd just like to have some one with ordinary common sense compare yer fraternity with mine and see whose account shows the strongest credit. In the first place yer got an incurable case of progressive, pernicious dyspepsia. Yer food don't set well on yer leaky stomach. What's the result of the disease? Yer go dead 'bout onct a day, takin' it on the average, and the undertaker's called to clean ye up and get ye ready fur a decent burial. He sez a few pretty words and as a partin' shot squirts a little embalmin' fluid inter yer veins, and behold—ye stretch out yer lifeless limbs sort of lazy like, and as you git more and more of the stuff pumped inter ye, ye git more and more life inter yer corpse-like carcass until ye finally really do awake and plead for another thirty-mile run, after which yer perfectly willin' and ready ter go thro' the entire performance ag'in."

"Really now," said the electric, vainly trying to choke back its rising rage under the other's free criticism, "I owe you much for the trouble you have given yourself to point out my weaknesses. May I ask without your flying into a childish rage whether your own excellent anatomy allows any such germ as failure to lurk within its intricate organism? What say you about your ignition faults? I sincerely trust the foolish belief hasn't crept into your thoughtful head that the gasolene idea embraces all that constitutes perfection and ideality in an anti-animal conveyance. If you use a dynamo to furnish your life's spark, then your poor mas-

ter has a heap of trouble to contend with. If you use a battery, then he has even a bigger heap to get buried under. The dynamo is everlastingly short-circuiting whenever you take it out in a little April shower, or, if you happen to be feeling particularly well and want to indulge in a little extra speed, the jar and vibration which you are wont to create is a grave menace to its delicate organism. Dust and dirt play havoc with it. The brushes must always be kept in the same condition of nicety or you'll be placed at a most serious disadvantage. Now just consider the chances you run with your batteries. First, it's series depreciation, then individual depreciation, then a broken sustaining rod. Next comes incrustation of the binding posts, and, if you work too hard, premature exhaustion. Then again, if you're disposed to be lazy, have little or nothing to do, local action attacks them and leaves a pitiful wreck just by the way of a memorial of its visit. The sooner you disabuse your mind of being absolutely perfect and pedestaled upon a higher mechanical basis than am I, that much quicker will you cease making a spectacle of yourself."

During this exchange of courtesies the shop doctor had been toiling diligently over the new patient, a perplexed frown knitting his brow. "I swear," he muttered disconsolately to himself, "if I know what's wrong here."

Once more came the sound of confused voices in the rear of the depository. With a painful intake of breath, and casting a deprecating glance at his wounded finger, the doctor untied himself from the knot into which he had found it necessary to twist himself while working prostrate beneath the machine, and arising, opened the door in response to the harsh demand for admittance. "At any rate," he mumbled as he made ready to lend a hand, "if I don't make a go of this business I can join a circus and do the contortion act. I'm a wonder along that line."

The last arrival enjoyed a smaller suite of honor than did his predecessor, but irritability of its owner's temperament was no less manifestly potent, nor did his disgust border less on the vehement than that of the electric's owner who had preceded him. His charge, a steamer, seemed in no immediate need of the restraining hand placed upon the dash.

"Something's wrong with the burner," quoth the ireful owner in no gentle voice, "but just what is it I can't make out to save me. Some way she can't make her steam," he concluded in a thoughtful tone. The repair doctor began peeping at the impaired

portion, wondering, at the same time, if with this he would ultimately reap more success than had his efforts elicited on the other two patients.

"Oh, yes, I see," he finally managed to ejaculate, although in reality he saw nothing and did not mean to have the new comer to interpret it in the literal sense which he did.

"I thought you'd have no difficulty in recognizing the fault," he said, apparently vastly relieved. "I must have this machine tomorrow morning, sure. Important business. Can't get along without it no way. Necessity demands it. You'll not fail me?" he concluded, glaring ominously at the meditative doctor.

"Oh, no—no, of course not," answered he of the repair profession, abstractively, and before he could sufficiently rouse himself from the lethargy to correct the statement the steamer's owner had gone the way of the others.

Gathering up the scattered tools which lay beneath the electric the doctor now set to work desperately upon the crippled steamer.

The gasolener and the electric, meanwhile, cast one look in the direction of the newcomer, then burst out in uncontrollable peals of laughter. "Well, now I du declare!" roared the gasolene one. "Even our friend foggy's got a spell of rheumatics. By the looks of ye, I should say ye'd bin a drinkin' pretty hard of late. Eh, what sez ye to that? I say, electric, just cast yer meters at his eyes, will ye? They're so crossed he can't see his own tanks."

"That's it exactly," answered the other in high delight. Then in an undertone to his companion: "Let's chastise him in a good old-fashioned way." "Agreed," replied the gasolener with a satisfied wag of his ungainly head and a diabolical twinkle of eye.

"I say, steamy," he began in a bantering tone, "a word with ye."

"Well, what d'ye want?" growled he of the boiler.

"Only this," went on the fearless spokesman, "Did yer checks ever get stuck in yer throat and starve yer stomach until it ate a hole in itself?" More uproarious laughter on the part of the two conspirators. "Does the flame in your cook stove ever blow out and stop the procession?" This last was considered a huge joke and the gasolener and his companion, the electric one, lost no time in exhibiting their appreciation in noisy guffaws. "And I say, foggy," continued the petrol, after their mirth had subsided somewhat, "don't yer 360 veins get clogged up so yer poor sickly body can't get the nourishment it requires?"



"And why is it," chimed in the electric, "that your stomach is everlastingly gathering a distressing accumulation of lime? Why, I venture to say that at this very moment you're suffering from an over-dose of the stuff. It's quite enough to do up a stronger fellow than you ever dare to be."

"Then look at your——." "Ha ha, he he, he he, ha ha," again roared the two in unison, winking slyly at each other in mutual understanding of the fine onslaught being made upon the enemy's virtues.

All during the colloquy the repair man had been assiduously pounding away at the steamer's burner. At this juncture a drop of ominous looking grease for an instant trembled dangerously above his eye, but he, not observing its delicate position, hammered away, delightfully unconscious of the impending danger. Shortly there echoed throughout the room the sound of a dull splash, followed immediately by a lusty yell of consternation and rage. A sharp struggle ensued, in which the head and feet lost their individuality and became a mass of startling activity. The battle was decisive, but short, and the extricated doctor lost no time in making a wild dash for a questionable looking water pail. Here for a time we must leave him, trusting that from the soothing liquid he may find allayment to the pain.

The steamer, chaffed, and smarting from the blows the others had dealt, took up the cudgel and gave answer:

"Oh, you fellows may think yer mighty cute an' all that, but I'm right here to tell ye that yer not so much h'after h'all, neither h'of ye—d'ye understand? What h'am I a-lookin' h'at, h'anyway? A big, clumsy electric, not fit for higzistance, and a noisy, cumbersome gasolener, h'an h'outcast h'an' a disgrace. You," he continued, after nodding his head fiercely at the former, "you can't travel h'over five h'an' twenty miles before ye begin ter groan 'bout the tiredness h'in yer limbs, h'an' h'if yer master tries ter force ye 'long, ye play h'out h'altogether h'on 'im h'an' show yer colors by h'dyin' h'any h'old place yer kin fin' 'long the road."

"That's all true," chuckled the gasolener, who, albeit the assailed had been his colleague against the newcomer, could not suppress his secret rejoicing over the chastisement.

"Shut up, you miserable production!" howled the electric hotly at the gasolener. "You're an ugly, dingy wretch and I'm ashamed to be seen in company with such a scapegrace."

"O, ye are, are ye?" roared he with face all aflame with con-

suming rage. "Shiver my clutches if yer not the biggest mistake I ever clapped eyes on."

"Now look a'here," bawled the steamer, with anger rising dangerously near the boiling point over the cutting remarks the electric had hurled at it regarding its assimilative organ, "yer got the blasted h'idea, 'aven't ye, that yer 'bove me just 'cause yer 'appenter be more popular wi' the women folks. But h'I a-want yer ter h'understan' that h'I'm h'a sight more speedier than ye, h'an' there'll come h'a day when fellers o' yer class 'ill be h'as scarce h'as snowballs h'in summer."

"Never, never!" yelled the electric. "You'll never see the day when you or your kind can oust me. I'm liked because I'm gentle, easily handled, clean of habits and a good companion. As for you, you are altogether too complicated, too excitable, too bothersome, to ever become a favorite with pleasure-loving people."

"Bah! yer both of ye worthless old scrap piles," observed the gasolener, with outraged feelings manifest in his voice. "When it comes to touring who is ther' ter look to but me? Who devours less food? Who's got the best wind but me? Who gets right down to hard, faithful service but me? Ye, electric, ye'd struggle 'long twenty miles or so, then git a stroke of apoplexy. And ye, foggy, ye'd find it powerful hard to go that far without a turnin' in somewhere an' fillin' yer stomach brimmin' full."

"How h'often does yer sparkers go wrong?" sneeringly asked the steamer.

"And how often does your carbureter play out?" bellowed the maddened electric.

The quarrel had now assumed serious proportions, for all three machines were foam-flecked, fiery of eye and in a towering passion; thus was the intervention of the repair man both fortunate and opportune. Ere he had succeeded in removing the painful quality from his eye and had once more dressed his crushed and aching fingers, the shades of night were fast falling, rendering further work on the three cripples impossible.

Therefore, with a distressed groan, he wearily straightened things around preparatory to closing the establishment. It was at this point he briefly put an end to the tempestuous battle by casting covers over each of the wordy warriors. Through the soothing influence of the covers the trio were soon in automobile dreamland. Then with a troubled glance at the untouched vehicles, the man

who was to have repaired them closed the door and sought the solace of his home.

There is little more left to tell. At noon the next day passers-by were attracted by some crape attached to the door knob fluttering idly in the fitful breezes. A placard, rudely printed and bearing this inscription was pasted inside the glass door and told eloquently of the end of an unhappy episode:

*Claimants against the deceased need  
not trouble themselves to present  
their accounts as we, the under-  
signed, have, in lieu of broken  
promises taken all in sight*

*Tom Walter Colver  
Tom Campbell Tallman  
Oswald Bhagawanee Thurn*

### Song of the Automobile

This is the joy, beyond Aladdin's dreaming,  
The magic wheel upon whose hub is wound  
All roads, although they reach the world around—  
O'er western plains or Orient deserts gleaming.

This is the skein from which each day unravels  
Such new delights, such witching flights, such joys  
Of bounding blood, of glad escape from noise—  
Such ventures, beggaring old Crusoe's travels!

It is as if some mighty necromancer,  
At king's command, to please his lady's whim,  
Instilled such virtue in a rubbered rim,  
And brought it forth as his triumphant answer.

For wheresoe'er its shining spokes are fleeting,  
Fair benefits spring upward from its tread,  
And eyes grow bright, and cheeks all rosy red,  
Responsive to the heart's estatic beating.

Thus Youth and Age, alike in healthful feeling,  
And Man and Maid, who find their paths are one,  
Crown this rare product of our century's "run,"  
And sing the health, the joy of automobiling.

## President Packard's Private Touring Car

**D**OCTORS are not over fond of taking their own medicine. This disinclination to take for their own benefit the stuff they prescribe for others has always cast considerable doubt upon the efficacy of drugs. When it comes to prescribing automobiling as a promoter of health, the faith of the doctor in the prescription is always proven by his willingness to take allopathic doses upon a homeopathic schedule of frequent repetitions. As president of the Ohio Automobile Company, Mr. J. W. Packard has found it advisable to prescribe the automobile as a cure for numerous ills with which traffic and humanity are the sufferers.



Mr. Packard believes in his own medicine and he takes it himself in big doses just as frequently as a big business will let him. The vehicle herewith is a 12 H. P. touring car Mr. Packard has just had built for himself at the Warren, Ohio, works of the Ohio Automobile Co. The arrangement of the seats is somewhat at variance with accepted American ideas, though advanced builders abroad have greatly favored this seat plan of late.

The peculiar design of this vehicle lends itself particularly to the requirements of touring, for a strong brass railing takes the place of the easily detached rear seat, and a very large amount of baggage can then be safely carried on the flat rear end. A new departure is the adoption after a long series of tests of 2-inch hollow steel axles running on bearings, consisting of  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch steel

balls. Each axle has a 1-inch hole running through its entire length. Eight of the principal bearings are oiled automatically by a pump which, while being operated by the engine, always feeds in proportion to the engine's speed and stops with the engine. The gears are contained in an aluminum case and run in a bath of heavy oil. Jump spark ignition is used with the timing of the spark under the control of a centrifugal governor. This causes the ignition to occur earlier with each increase in engine speed, and accounts for the great rapidity with which the engine will go from minimum to its maximum speed (850 R. P. M.).

## The Story of Number 134

NED WILLSON



THE Chief Prevaricator and erstwhile proprietor of the Excelsior Automobile Agency sat with his feet on his desk watching a smoke ring twist its way toward the ceiling. His two-for-a-quarter perfecto was about half burned away and his face bore a look of contentment, the combined effect of the cigar and a day dream floating in the hazy atmosphere. He had just succeeded, after much diplomacy, in securing the State agency of the famous "Ever-ready - you-push-the-button-it-goes-itself" automobile. A week spent at the factory had satiated his narrow brain with many details of the new art and its accompanying language until he now thought, spoke and dreamed in automobilish.

His first machine (factory number 134), had arrived that morning and was now installed in the storeroom. Gazing fondly at its bright varnish and polished nickel he eagerly convinced himself that with a profit of 25 per cent. he had but to sell a \$1,200 machine each week to soon amass a competence. His advertisements in the morning papers were spread before him and as he gazed at them he flattered himself that his office would soon be the Mecca for the would-be automobilist. It was now already 10 A. M., and about time for the arrival of visitors. "Oh, what a pleasure," he mused, "it would

be to send an order to the factory by to-night's mail. Possibly the order would be in time to catch the 3.45. Perhaps—let's see, there's a mail at 1.15, and——"

"Excuse me, sir, is this the agency of the Ever-ready and so forth automobile?"

The Chief Prevaricator came to with a start and a smile. "Yes-siree. What can I do for you?"

"Kind o' thought I'd like to see one of your machines if you are not too busy," replied the caller, a tall, spare man in a top hat and sack coat. "Just had a little strike in oil up my way and as I have been hankering after one of these machines for some time I thought I'd invest if I found one to suit."

"Well, sir, you couldn't have come to a better place, as I have surely got one of the best machines ever put on the market. It's never been in a race but what it took first prize," (the machine had never been in a race) "and as for steady going, once you get it started it don't stop."

"Well, I would like to get a machine that would stop when I wanted it to," said the visitor.

"Why, of course, I mean it won't stop till you want it to. Here, I'll show you how she works," and the C. P. jumped lightly into the driver's seat, encircled the steering post, and catching hold of the wheel with both hands, worked it back and forth. "See, this is the way you steer. Now, when you want to start you turn this handle half way round and that throws on your gasoline, then you throw this switch and that turns on your electricity, then you open this valve, that cuts out your compression, then you pull his lever, that cuts down your spark, then you push this rod with your foot, and that starts your engine. Then you are ready to go."

"Well, I want to know," said he of the top hat. "Kind o' looks to me as if you'd be tired enough to stay to home when you get all that done."

"Oh, no," answered the C. P., "it takes but a moment when you get onto it, and that is the way you start all gasoline engines. Now your engine is started you keep the spark held back until you want to start the carriage, then you throw it slowly forward and taking hold of this lever throw in your low gear, then you take hold of this lever and throw in your clutch and advancing your spark at the same time——"

"Say, pardner, how many more handles you got on this thing-umbob? I never learned how to play, and this wagon reminds me



of a twenty-stop organ. What in the dickens is a fellow going to do if he gets out on the road and forgets which handle to pull?"

"Oh, it's not so bad," was the rejoinder, "we haven't got near the levers on this machine they have on others; it is really simple as A, B, C, when you get onto it. Just let me take you out on the road a few times and you can run it as well as I."

"Well, I hope so. S'pose you start her up and let's see how she works. I'd certainly like to learn to run one. I guess after all it's nothing when you get used to it."

"Sure, any yap—beg your pardon—any one, no matter how inexperienced, can learn all about it in a very short time. It doesn't take nearly the knowledge of machinery that some people think. Why, do you know I started in in the morning and by afternoon I was running the machine all over town without any trouble at all." (It might be well to state that "all over town" included sidewalks and several front yards as well.) "The people at the factory said they weren't surprised at all, though. They said nearly every beginner did as well as I did."

"Now you see when I showed you how to start the engine from the seat, I had to push on the pedal. That works very nicely when the engine is warmed up, but when I am starting with a cold engine I have to use this starting crank and give her a few turns after the valve and spark is adjusted." And after fumbling around with the switch and the vaporizer he placed the crank upon the shaft of the engine and started to turn. Securing two or three explosions, he jumped around into the driver's seat to change the spark adjuster, but before he got there the explosions ceased. Another attempt gave the same result and the temperature of his face began to rise.

"Guess the battery must be weak," he remarked; "this machine just came in this morning and somebody has probably thrown the switch during shipment. Now you see if anything of this kind has happened all you have got to do is to unscrew this plug and watch the spark with it outside the cylinder. You see, you hold it here and then throw this—ouch! oh, Lord! gosh!"

"What's the matter, burn your finger?"

"Oh, no, just got a little shock, that's all; ought to have known enough not to hold the plug in my hand without it touching the cylinder. Guess I will know better next time."

"Humph! I thought you was an expert," said the oil man.

"Oh, I am expert enough," answered the C. P., "but a fellow

will forget himself sometimes. I guess that spark is all right, though. I'll try her again, just for luck."

Putting the crank on again he turned the engine over for fully two minutes without securing a single explosion. Stopping to catch his breath, a happy thought struck him, and lifting up the front seat he unscrewed the cap from the gasoline tank and took a peek inside. Evidently, he was unaware of the fact that the gasoline tank of an automobile is invariably emptied before shipment, in order to comply with the regulations of the railroads.

"Well, I swan! She's dry as a bone. Seems to me those fellows are awful stingy with their gasoline. Guess I'll have to 'phone for some. Here, Johnny," to the office boy, "trot over to Smith & Jackson's and get me a five-gallon can of gasoline. Now, while we are waiting for the boy, seeing the hood is off, I'll explain the engine to you."

"Never mind, pardner," was the reply. "I have seen enough cranks and sparks and vaporizers with other wheels and things to last me till after dinner. What I want to see now, is how she works. Say, how fast can she run, anyway?"

"Oh, about forty miles an hour. But then, you know you can get any old speed between that and following up a funeral. You see here's the throttle, didn't show you that before, and by working it you can choke her down just as slow as you want to. Then if you want to climb a hill that is too much for your high speed, why you can gear her down and go up just as easy as if you were rolling along on a level. Well, here is the boy with the gasoline; we'll soon get started now."

Filling up the tank gave the C. P. a chance to make a further examination of the adjustments, and to do him credit it must be said that his failure to start the engine before had rather dampened his opinion of himself as an expert and inclined him to be more careful. In fact, he discovered that he had forgotten to fill his oil cups, and made up this omission without attracting the attention of the would-be purchaser. He also determined to be more cautious on the road than he would have been had the engine started off at the first trial. The gasoline tank being filled, another trial set the engine going in three turns of the crank, and with the stranger seated beside him he managed to steer the machine through the door into the street without taking the door off its hinges. He had no inclination to violate the speed ordinance, and in fact he kept

his speed down to nearly four miles an hour until he was clear of the city limits and had a fairly clear country road before him.

"Well, I guess she runs slow, all right enough," remarked the oil man, "now let's see how she can speed up a little bit."

"All right, now watch what I do. You see I throw out the clutch, then change the gear and throw in the clutch again like this," and the C. P. bore down on the clutch lever with all his strength. Immediately there was a whirl and the vehicle slowed down and the engine began to race. Closing the throttle he stopped the engine and jumped out to make an examination.

"Something broke?" asked his companion.

"Can't see anything," was the reply. "Guess I will have to disturb you a minute and see what is the matter."

Lifting up the floor of the vehicle he was about to unscrew the cover of the transmission gear when he was accosted by a youngster with, "Hey, Mister, here's your chain."

"Where'd you find that, Johnny?"

"Oh, down the road here a piece."

Sure enough, an examination of the sprockets proved them to be empty. Good fortune favored him, for the makers had had foresight enough to put some repair links in the tool box, and being near a blacksmith's shop he soon had the rivets out of the broken links and the new ones in place.

"Off again, on again," said the oil man, as they finally got under way again, "how often does this thing happen in a day?"

"First time it ever happened to me," answered the C. P., "guess there must have been a flaw in that link."

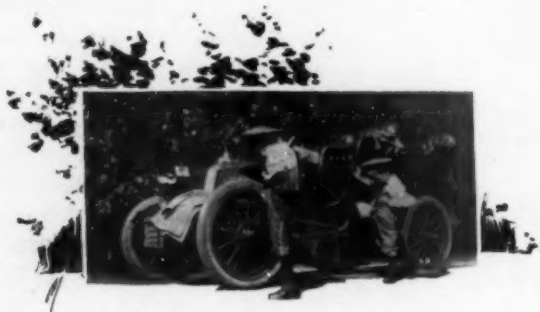
The road on which they were traveling paralleled a trolley line, and they had not gone far after the accident before they were overtaken by a trolley car. Immediately the oil man's sporting blood began to boil.

"Speed her up, Mister!" he almost screamed. "Give her more juice! Don't let that darned lightning bug get the best of us! That's the stuff! Push on the lines!"

Stirred up by this enthusiasm, the operator opened the throttle wide and gave the spark its maximum lead, hanging onto the steering wheel for dear life, and watching the road ahead with an anxious eye and set face. They were on a slight down grade and kept even pace with the trolley car, the oil man shouting with glee: "This is the stuff! This is like going! Bet this is going forty miles an hour. Durned if I ain't going to get one of the things anyway."

But his enthusiasm waned when he saw that the trolley car was slowing up for a switch, and he noticed for the first time that they were on a down grade. Rattling over a bridge at a speed that made the boards beat a tattoo on the sills, they passed up a little rise, and just as they got over the top they saw a dead horse lying across the road, forty feet away. The operator reached for the brake with his foot, but instead he stepped on the clutch pedal, releasing the clutch, and in his excitement could not find the brake. Each moment they were getting nearer the horse, and he gave the steering wheel a sudden turn, but not soon enough. They struck the hind quarters of the horse with the left rear wheel with sufficient force to throw them over a low bank into a shallow creek at the side of the road.

The sudden turn, together with the obstruction and the soft bank of the creek, had all combined to do the work. The machine slid along on two wheels for some little distance before it finally turned over on its side, or rather stopped at an acute angle on the side of the creek with its wheels in mud nearly up to the hub. Two sorry looking individuals dragged themselves from the creek bed and, with shingles from an old house near by, began to scrape off the mud. The top hat was floating serenely down the stream unnoticed by its owner, and some boys fishing on the bank began to shy stones at it, when it was rescued by a passing farmer, who also went to the assistance of the unfortunates. He offered them a ride back to the city, but the operator was determined to stick by his machine, and the oil man thought that if he could get cleaned up enough he would like to take the trolley back. The agent was profuse in his apologies and finally succeeded in assuring the prospective customer that it was simply a piece of tough luck. They finally parted with a promise from the oil man to pay him a visit next day.



## Circuit des Ardennes



**A**N event, which will probably become a favorite one in automobile annuals, took place in the Ardennes district of Belgium on the 31st July. The course, fifty-three miles in length, started from Bastogne near the German frontier and ran for about fifteen and one-half miles to Longier, thence to Habay-la-Neuve for nearly fifteen miles, then twenty-three miles back to Bastogne.

The weather, an ever-important factor, was fine, but cold. The roads were fairly good, but at some points they were too narrow to admit of two cars passing, but as it was not necessary on account of the limited population to create any neutralized portions, the races could proceed at full speed the whole distance. The advantage of this arrangement is obvious. When neutralized spaces occur room is left for charges of invidious treatment in the matter of timing and restarting, which do not make for harmony or good feeling. Besides, no unauthorized repairs can be executed.

The contesting vehicles were divided into six classes, the first four of which traveled the course of fifty-three miles six times, while the last two negotiated it only twice. The total distances were, therefore, 318 miles for four classes and 106 for the other two. The classes were: (1) Heavy cars (not exceeding 1,000 kilogs.); (2) light cars (400 to 650 kilogs.); (3) voituresses; (4) tourist cars; (5) motor-tricycles; (6) motor bicycles.

The total number of entries was seventy-six, but of these twenty failed to appear, while of the fifty-six that started only fourteen failed to finish. These dropped out for many curious reasons. Baron de Crawhez, when going at over sixty miles an hour, tried to pass a heavy German car driven by Coppée, where there was not enough room, and wrecked both his front wheels. Before this, however, he had won the Racyzazki Cup for the fastest first 100 kiloms., having covered the distance (62.1 miles) in 62 minutes 25 $\frac{3}{4}$

seconds. Charron came to grief through staving in his radiator while attempting to pass a heavy Mors driven by Augières. Two other cars severed their connection with the race by running into a wall at an abrupt turning, which the drivers had failed to observe on account of the dust from Jarrott's car, which they were following. Deschamps, driving a car of the same name, found it expedient to retire when one of his pistons seized and burst the cylinder.

The same course was followed by Jenatzy, when one of his front wheels came off, and threw him in the ditch. He was not much hurt, but his mechanic was, and so was the car. After the accident it presented a striking resemblance to a scrap heap.

Some people fancy that George Stephenson's "coo" must have died many years ago, but that is not so. It died in the Ardennes on the 31st July, when a Decauville car ran into it, and at the same time wrecked itself. This kind of thing comes from a disregard for those in authority. Had the cow respected the bourgmester's proclamation to keep the road clear, it might have been alive to-day. Baron de Cater's car got damaged by leaving the road, the wheels on one side being over a flush wall on the roadside; fortunately it did not topple over.

After a few laps had been covered the heavy car race settled down into a contest among five competitors, these being Vanderbilt on a Mors; Zborowski on a Mercédès (German Daimler); Girardot on a C. G. V.; Gabriel on a Mors; and Jarrott on a Panhard. Gabriel damaged a chain and dropped astern somewhat, but he was successful in coming in second to Jarrott's first, his time being 6 hours 2 minutes 45½ seconds, against the winner's 5 hours 53 minutes 39 seconds. Vanderbilt had no difficulty in taking third place, but it was a match for fourth and fifth between the Polish named Anglo-American and Girardot, with about an even money chance on either a few miles from the finishing point, but the Frenchman, having to slow up a little, spoiled what would have been an intensely interesting finish.

In the light car class a remarkable performance was done by a Gobron-Brillié car, driven by Rigolly. This vehicle, using alcohol, came in fourth in all classes, beating the last mentioned two and covering the distance in 6 hours 42 minutes 16 seconds. The winners in the various classes then were Jarrott and Rigolly in the first and second respectively; Corre on a Corre car, in the Voiturette class, time 9 hours 34 minutes 39 seconds; Gregoire, on a Ger-



man, in the fourth class, time 10 hours 12 minutes 58 seconds; Os-  
mont, on an 8-H. P. DeDion-Bouton, in the tricycle class, time 2  
hours 53 minutes 44 seconds; and Derny, on a Clement, in the bicy-  
cle class, time 3 hours 9 minutes 47 seconds.

The contest was, on the whole, a great success, but it had de-  
fects which time and cars will remedy. The police supervision was  
insufficient, and crowds obtruded on the road at some points to  
such an extent that the cars had to slow to prevent accident. The  
dust also was extremely annoying after the first round or two, as  
by that time the cars were following each other in rapid succession.  
It has already been said that at some points the road is too narrow  
to permit of two cars passing, but at other parts, where it is some-  
what wider, a difficulty was experienced in making the leading  
driver hear, so that he might keep to the side, and as the very fast  
cars had after a time to pass others frequently, the delay thus caused  
became serious. A resourceful mechanic riding with Gabriel solved  
the problem. He filled his pockets with stones, and when the  
"toot-toot" of the horn failed, a pebble landed on the leader's neck,  
securing immediate attention.

The winner, Jarrott, who represents Panhard and Lavassor  
in Great Britain, is not wholly favorable to the circuit form of  
racing, at least as experienced in the Ardennes, with slow and fast  
cars running on the road at the same time, although he believes  
that if the laps had been two or three instead of six, with the same  
distance, it would have been much more satisfactory.

A. F. SINCLAIR.



## Automobile Insurance—Vehicle Liability

DIXIE HINES

**I**NSURANCE is divided into classes—legitimate and illegitimate.

The two respective classes find supporters in the United States for the first, and in Great Britain for the second. It would be manifestly impossible for the recent riotous gamble incident to the postponed coronation in London to have occurred in the United States for many reasons; first, because insurance is valued too highly as a protective measure by Americans to be made the means of a speculative gamble of such criminal proportions as was witnessed in the recent action of the British Lloyds, where it is possible for one to lay odds under the guise of insurance policies on any event, individual or condition. The various forms of "policies" written for a consideration at Lloyds are too voluminous to be even mentioned within a limited space. By means of Lloyds one may gamble that the King will not live, that on a given day, past or future, the weather was, or will be, of a certain temperature. There is no science, principle or reason in such contracts; they are nothing but gambles which should be prohibited by Parliament as being detrimental alike to honor and respect, since no one can have the respect for insurance that it deserves so long as it is made the means of such reprehensible practices as these.

Americans believe in protection. As a result of this belief the insurance companies here are never far behind the times in meeting every legitimate situation that arises. Even in this country we have insurance in perhaps a hundred forms, but each policy is based upon actuarial experience, and the issuance of any sort of a policy is conducted scientifically and mathematically. This is just the difference between the institution of Lloyds and the standard companies of America. Lloyds do their business by guesswork, American companies by science. This is the reason why automobile insurance is as yet in a chaotic condition, the companies feeling that the proper course for them to pursue is a careful examination of the field, and a slow, conservative and just equalization of the rates, so as to make them commensurate with the hazard involved. The automobile being a new element in insurance, it is at this time engaging the attention of every prominent company, because it is recognized the effect of the new form of locomotion is bound to be more far reaching than one would imagine without a careful examination into the subject.

As an insurance proposition the automobile most vitally affects the liability insurance companies throughout the United States. Next, perhaps, the fire insurance companies are most deeply interested. Then the steam boiler insurance companies, doing an extensive business in the inspection and insuring of boilers of all kinds, find their line affected, as do those companies writing accident insurance policies.

Liability insurance is one of the oldest forms of policies written. The line is sub-divided into innumerable branches, one of the most important in the past being "vehicle liability," meaning thereby that the company issuing the policies agrees to defend all actions at their own cost, and to pay such judgments as may be obtained against owners of vehicles by any person or persons claiming bodily injury due to the negligence of the owner or driver of the vehicle; frequently a separate clause is inserted providing that the company shall also be liable for any damage done the property of others by the vehicle. This, quite naturally, is perhaps the most popular form of liability insurance now written, especially if considered from the standpoint of an automobile owner, since there is nothing that acts as such a deterrent to the prospective purchaser of an automobile as the knowledge that should he possess a motor vehicle there is considerable likelihood that he will spend most of his time defending actions and paying claims arising from his alleged negligence.

That such a fear is warranted may easily be seen by glancing at court records or the daily papers, both of which teem with records of the payment of claims by automobile owners for alleged injuries to person or property. It would cause astonishment to the most careful observer of the times to examine the records of the various courts throughout the Eastern States and see the large number of such claims now pending against automobile owners under this charge. Of course, it does not follow that because a claim is filed and action begun to compel the payment thereof that it means as a matter of course that the owner against whom the claim and action are instituted has been negligent—far from it—but it *does* mean that he will be called upon to defend the action just as strongly, and at just as great an expense, as if he had really been culpable, since it is one of the triumphs of freedom that any person who feels himself aggrieved can forthwith file a bill of complaint alleging all the horrors of which the human mind is capable of imagining, and this bill must be respectfully answered, and, if needs be, defended by intelligent counsel at great expense. If, as is frequently the case,

the majesty of justice is overshadowed by the ties of personal friendship, the owner of the automobile will find that the jury of the plaintiff's peers has taken pity upon him, either for the failure to make out a case, or for the glory of local institutions, and a decision rendered in his favor, necessitating an appeal and additional expenditure.

It will thus be seen that as the rain falls upon the just and the unjust alike, juries find against the guilty and the innocent as well, which makes it all the more necessary that the prudent owner of an automobile protect himself by placing insurance policies as may be offered against such cases as above recited. Competition is too keen in all lines of insurance to permit of an exorbitant rate for same being charged for any class of hazard very long. There are too many companies with vast capital ready to engage in any legitimate form of underwriting which can show a reasonable profit for the rates to remain at unjust figures indefinitely. The tendency is, rather, to give the assured the benefit of the doubt, and to place the rates low and raise them as the experience of the companies force them to. Thus it is that where there is a legitimate demand for protection, there are companies ready to provide it. There has been a demand for automobile liability policies, and the leading liability companies of the country have signified their willingness to assume the risk, the only question at issue being the rate to be charged. It was deemed inadvisable to establish a rate which would not be commensurate with the risk assumed, and yet it was equally as desirable that the rate should not be unjust to the assured. There were no actuarial tables at hand on which to base this rate as there are for all other rates, and the companies were therefore compelled to restrict their operations until such a time when they could base their charges on the fundamental principle of insurance—experience.

Those who first came into the field wrote a few policies on automobiles at \$25 and lost money by doing so. In a short time it was thought that \$50 would be a fair rate, so the price was advanced. The experience of the companies at this rate was anything but flattering, and the premium was therefore advanced to \$75 and then to \$100, which is now the standard rate, although there are one or two companies who perhaps exercise superior discretionary powers, and are thereby enabled to continue at the \$50 rate. How long they will so continue no one knows, nor can anyone say whether the rate will go beyond the \$100 mark. These matters really rest

entirely with the owners of automobiles themselves, and if they are willing to pay \$100—and make the risk worth it—the companies perhaps will be satisfied. On the contrary, if owners will, by their own acts, make it possible for the companies to adopt a standard rate of \$40 or \$50, the companies will be satisfied so to do.

The companies insist that the owners of monkeys shall pay for the damage the beasts do. That is the way they consider the automobile hazard. If the owners insist upon engaging reckless drivers, if they persist in making the public highways a racing course, if they submit to the extortion of every country bumpkin who believes himself aggrieved, and submit to the blackmail practiced up on them in a thousand different ways—all of which the insurance company assumes to settle under their liability policies—then the owners must pay for their folly. It is immaterial to the companies. They are not engaged in a philanthropic work, they are prepared to do a legitimate insurance business, to provide protection for all who are willing to pay for it.

It has been reported a hundred times that owners of automobiles are considered the legitimate prey for the ruralites—and many cityites as well. The average country constable can generally see ten revolutions to an automobile wheel where only one exists if there is a fee in it for him to see the increased revolutions. The ruralites believe with the criminal that it would be easy to go to Sunday-school if the teachers would pay the pupils a salary. It has been the practice in the past that when a claim arose for alleged injuries sustained by any one for the automobile owner to immediately pay the bill without question, whether it was just or otherwise. The happy recipient of this easy money proceeded therewith to inform all his neighbors and the next damage claims were a little more expensive and there were a few more of them. This has now become a most profitable business with a large number of the rural law enforcers and others. When one is inclined to contest these demands for damages, the threat of suit by some local lawyer generally has a salutary effect upon the proposed defendant and the bill is thereupon paid without question as being the easiest way out of the whole thing. All this is injurious to every automobile owner. Contrary to the general belief, all automobile owners are not multi-millionaires, and it happens sometimes that the expense of keeping a motor vehicle is, in the end, greater than the price paid for it. For this reason automobile owners owe it to themselves and to others to refuse positively to "stand for" blackmail under whatever guise. It

may be annoying to be called as a defendant in half a dozen insignificant cases, but if the matter is fought out properly these "strike" cases will soon cease.

The insurance companies writing forms of policies which protect an owner against such attacks as I have outlined, appear at this time as benefactors of the automobile industry. When the companies place a policy on an automobile and a claim arises, no matter how small, they will carry it to the highest court if it is deemed by them to be an unjust one. The question of the amount, whether it be large or small, does not make the slightest difference to the companies, the principle involved is what they fight on. If the claim is reasonable and just, it is paid forthwith without question. As a result of an extension of such insurance in a few years there will be less tendency on the part of claimants to make unreasonable and unjust demands upon automobilists, because the makers will soon learn that such claims will not be successful.

Liability insurance, it will therefore be seen, is beginning a new life. It is following in importance the automobile industry itself. The companies are anxious to add the automobile to their line as a standard policy. They are also anxious to effect protection for owners on an equitable basis. In a short time, when the experience of the past year has been finally tabulated, it will be seen just what the cost of carrying such risk has been, and then a standard rate can be decided upon.

Whether this rate shall be high or low depends entirely upon the owners themselves. If they protect their machines by liability policies, and then take the interest in the policy that they should, they will use the vehicle with care, will follow the instructions of the company regarding claims and will find that in the end the arrangement works in perfect harmony. These policies are not written for profit, they are written for protection only, and the companies agree to do all they can to make it possible for an owner of an automobile, by a limited outlay for protection, to enjoy the delights of automobiling without the constant dread that every time he passes a corner he is to be met by a constable and a swarm of witnesses, ready to swear to the truth, of course, where the truth meets the requirements of the plaintiffs, and where it does not, it has generally been the custom to decline to permit a small matter like that to stand between friends.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the first of a series of papers on automobile insurance, by Mr. Hines, who is an experienced insurance



underwriter and agent. Mr. Hines has made a careful study of the automobile and its relation to the latest forms of insurance, and will contribute in his successive articles the latest information and explanation of the standard insurance forms of each branch on underwriting. The next paper will deal with fire insurance, including the latest form of "floater" policies. The editor of *THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE* will be glad to forward to Mr. Hines any communications sent to this office for further information on this or any other subject relating to insurance on automobiles.

### While He Thought

**T**HE morning air was like wine, birds sang in the tree tops, the grass bent gracefully before the gentle zephyr, but the man standing there saw nothing, heard nothing, for he was plunged deep in thought.

The sun circled the heavens and it was night.

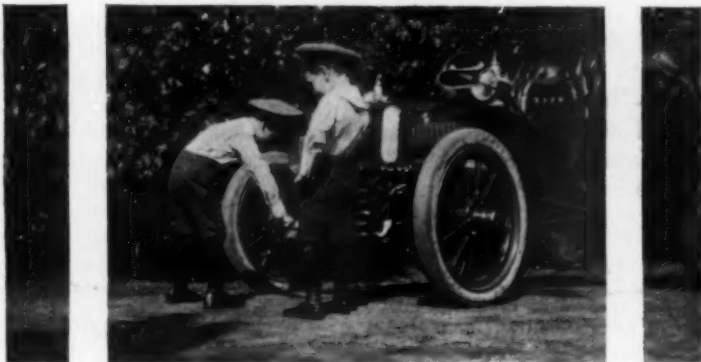
Many were its uprisings and downgoings, and still the man stood with thought-furrowed forehead beside the road.

Rabbits and squirrels, contemptuous through familiarity, played around him as about a statue, and birds perched upon his shoulders and nested in his cap.

On the evening of the three hundredth day he raised his head and sighed a sigh of exquisite relief. The wrinkles left his brow, and his whole bearing breathed forth buoyancy and exultation.

"Ah!" he cried, "this breakdown is due to defective sparking!"

Firmly and without hesitation, he sat himself down with an armful of books to discover from them which one of the nine thousand two hundred and eighty possible spark failures this one was.



## An Autumnal Romance

ANNA THESBY FINCH

It is night—in Jersey. The moon is shining, but the shine is hidden by the flying scud of mackerel cloudlets. Along and over the meadows the resurrected mosquitoes wing their belated flights, singing a clarion din on the saturnine atmosphere.

"Fly! Fly for your life, Reginald! Pa is behind with the piebald team an' a gun."

An elopement! Reginald Essex Hackensack pushes the speed lever over to its furthest notch. But the runabout refuses to run away—the piebalds gain at every step. Ten steps, five steps, two steps—the rattle of their Jersey joints mingles in close confusion with the "chug, chug" of the laboring motor.

Hackensack pushes the lever forward, but as it was already in the farthest notch no benefit results from the pushing.

The old man's team gains slowly, but surely. Already the cyclonic wheeze can be heard as they breath and closer come.

"Fly, Reginald, fly! They are upon us!" All in vain.

"Stop!"

It is the harrowing voice of Squash Beans Spinach, the irate father.

Hackensack can do naught but obey—the gasoline is exhausted. He puts on the brake and descends. Will the old man shoot? Will he—

"Here, gal, consarn ye! How kerless! A-ridin' aroun' in ther night air without yer rubbers or cough medicine! Didn't the doctor tell yer not ter forget them under no circumstances? Here's yer squills and yer parashoot, too. Elopin' in an automobile may be mighty excitin', but don't ferget yer health."

Hackensack buys a couple of quarts of benzine from a drug store, uses it for lack of a better fuel, gets under way, then goes slowly—he is thinking things that wouldn't look well in print.

They are married now and living as happily as Jersey and a large family will permit, but R. E. Hackensack has no runabout now, walkabout is the only method of locomotion he can afford.

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### Before and Since

"Before I owned an automobile

I was all run down from head to heel."

"And now," said the man on foot with a frown,

"The rest of the folks are all run down."

## A. C. G. B. & I. Welbeck Abbey Races



THESE races over a kilometer were run on Thursday, the 7th August, at Welbeck Abbey in Nottinghamshire, the seat of the Duke of Portland. It had been intended to hold them at Bexhill-on-Sea, a watering place on the English Channel, where similar races were held on Whit Monday in a gale of wind and rain. In the meanwhile, however, a householder, whose property adjoins the Bexhill course, secured a perpetual injunction against such interruptions to his peaceful use of the road. It was therefore found necessary to depart from the original program, and arrange for the use of the private road at Welbeck. In some respects this was an improvement, but on the whole the change was to be regretted.

The weather was miserable, rain falling the whole of the previous day and right up till the end of the racing. Under such conditions high speeds could not be expected. However, one good result was accomplished, Jarrot, on the 70-H. P. Panhard, on which he won the Ardennes race the preceding week, succeeding in lowering the British record for the kilometer to 35 seconds. This works out at sixty-five miles an hour, and is not, therefore, a very valuable performance, comparing but poorly with the world's record of 29½ seconds, established by W. K. Vanderbilt not long ago, but inasmuch as it lowers our home record somewhat, it is interesting.

There were over eighty cars entered for the various events, but on account of the miserable weather, no doubt many famous cars were absent.

The contests were all against the clock, the road being much too narrow to permit of more than one car at a time. Only in two events was genuine racing seen, and in both of these Jarrott's Panhard ran away from all competitors, his time in the heavy racing car event being 37½ seconds, or 2½ seconds worse than he did afterward. The nearest to this was 44 seconds, by Thery, on a Decauville light racing car. Hon. C. S. Rolls, on a 20-H. P. Panhard in the touring section, got over in 48 seconds, winning comfortably.

A. F. SINCLAIR.



Mr. Arthur Balfour, Premier of England  
and Friend of Automobiling

# THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE

*A Live Journal for all interested in Motor Vehicles*

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## Now

**S**UMMER has gone, and all that remains are memories of sea-shore and mountain. With September comes autumn, that season of the year when nature is seen at her best. The change from summer to autumn, when the trees begin to take on their mantles of russet and scarlet and yellow; the Indian summer, called the Summer of All Saints by the Arcadian peasants, whom Longfellow immortalizes in his poem "Evangeline."

The air seems dreamy, and all nature appears to slumber, while the songbirds prepare to leave their homes and seek a warmer clime. The piping of the quail begins to be heard in the thickets, the vineyards are waiting the picker, all signs point to the coming of winter.

Already the orchards are receiving the attention from their owners, who are gathering the rosy-cheeked apple that will furnish remembrance of autumn during the cold winter months. Longfellow best describes the present month when he says:

"My ornaments are fruits, my garments leaves,  
Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson dyed;  
I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,  
O'er vineyards and o'er orchards I preside,  
Though on the frigid scorpion I ride.  
The dreamy air is full and overflows  
With tender memories of summertime,  
And mingled voices of the doves and crows."

Now is the time when the owner of an automobile who is a lover of nature will see to it that his vehicle bears him away from bricks and asphalt. Country lanes and suburban roads are doubly attractive at this season of the year. The visit to the orchard to see the mountains of apples gathered and sorted by the farmer is one which will bring back to most of us recollections of a time when automobiles were as yet unthought of.

You ride through a forest with the trees arrayed in their colors of green and yellow. The sun sets and dyes the trees and landscape in crimson and gold. The harvest moon rises majestically and soon silvers the fields and villa roofs. The air is clear and resonant. The sound of the pulsating motor whose power bears you swiftly on comes softly to your ears. The roar of the city is missed, and gladly, too.

When reluctantly you are at last compelled to return home, you promise yourself that you will again visit the country before Jack Frost destroys its beauty, and if you are wise you will remake and keep that promise as many times as you can.

## Freight Charges and Repairs

**I**N handling automobiles, their parts and equipments in so large a country as the United States, the cost of transportation is of the greatest importance to a manufacturing enterprise making a wide distribution of its products. Foreign makers newly established on this side of the water will come to the realization of this fact slowly—even severely. The distances are so great here, compared with those of most foreign countries, as to materially increase the normal cost of selling any particular equipment, though the added expense of shipping the whole machine is not so noticeable.

Express and freight charges may even influence design and construction, when parts, accessories and the like must be handled in competition with one another. We have in mind one large and



important concern which was led solely on these grounds, to essentially modify a certain fitting of their vehicle. This feature had been brought out and first marketed abroad, where no difficulty had been experienced in handling it. In fact, when the suggestion for change was made by the American agents, the parent house failed to appreciate the part played by transportation charges, since in their home trade this factor was of much less importance.

In the article referred to, the alterations as made were in the direction of facilitating repairs. It was found that from some distant parts of the country it would frequently cost more to return a part to the factory than a new one was worth. This, too, left out of account the expense of returning same, whether borne by the purchaser or by the manufacturer. Extended experiments were made to build these parts as interchangeable as possible, and to re-design the whole sufficient to admit of this being done. In the end, any needed part could be supplied by the factory and replaced by the purchaser without much trouble.

The systematic effort referred to was highly successful, and it is now only necessary to send to the works for the required part, on which the transportation charges are comparatively light—and that only in one direction, the necessity for sending back the injured piece being altogether eliminated. This experience, it may further be said, greatly influenced the methods of that factory. Interchangeability of parts became more than ever an important study. Better machinery, adapted to special requirements, was obtained, with a result also of visible improvement in the whole product. In the end, too, the cost of construction was lessened, while the convenience of distant purchasers has been served through improved and cheapened means of securing repairs and replacements.

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## Calls to the Road

**W**HENEVER we can lessen our steps on the treadmill, we should do so—as a matter of course and of duty. It is possible for us to go on for a very long time taking just the same steps in just the same way. But sooner or later there comes a snap in something—either the machinery of our labor or the machinery of ourselves—and we are in need of rest if not in need of repairs. There are always cares and duties waiting; but that does not mean that we should be forever chasing them around our back yards and beyond our office doors.

When things look most twisted and knotted, leave them for an hour or for a day and make an automobile trip into some new or at least some half-familiar locality. Your apparent disregard of the laws and edicts of business will be like a cold bath in the morning—something of a shock at first to your over-sensitive nature, but afterward an awakening and inspiring influence.

Out on the road there may come the thought of a new duty to you—the duty of becoming really acquainted with the surroundings of your own section, its people and their individualities. Try the river, highways and byways. The very repose of these waters has an element of purpose and duty in it. Take a woman for your companion. Women know how to be scientifically care-free, as men seldom if ever do. The most delightful companion for a summer holiday trip is a well-bred, lovable woman who is constitutionally care-free. Mix such other ingredients as you like with your plans, but be sure that this element remains intact.

There is a certain vista about the ideas of a care-free woman, as if she had spent her whole happy girlhood among the hills and beside the waters. The world, whether of large or small affairs, glides past, while she spins one long silken thread of happiness. She hasn't any desire to reform things anywhere—not even her husband who, being a man, must of course need reforming. She is simply at peace with herself, satisfied with her surroundings, happy in her family and overflowing with a genuine love of outdoor life. This is theoretically not quite the thing, but somehow it just suits us. Her care-free life is as much needed as is the little mountain brook in whose ripples we see the blue sky and bright sunshine of a summer's morning.

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### When In Crowded Streets

**P**ILOTING an automobile through the traffic of a crowded street is an art which to be most successfully attained should be very gradually attempted. Long after the novitiate stage of his automobile experience has passed, the average owner of a motor vehicle lacks such complete mastery over it as renders the art of controlling or the action of steering purely impersonal.

When afoot this solves itself at every step, and until the driver of an automobile is conscious of this same sense of absolute control over his progress any attempt on his part to traverse crowded

thoroughfares is something not altogether unrelated to murder and suicide.

With an automobile the driver of it, of course, follows the ordinary rules of the road, keeping to the right, so as to pass on the left of vehicles passing in an opposite direction. In overtaking a vehicle it is passed from the outside—the pole belongs to the leader.

Above all things and at all times, it is most necessary to keep perfectly cool and collected. For the driver of any vehicle, particularly a motored one, hesitancy and indecision may mean almost anything which is unpleasant, not only to the driver, but to those in his pathway.

The traffic at the rear will look after itself, so the automobilist's motto when picking his way through traffic should be "Forward! but not too fast!"

### There Is No "Season"

**I**T is nothing but a toy, a thing for millionaires to play with. When they get something that is as good as a horse or better than one, I'll buy it, but I don't want any automobile in mine, just now, thank you!"

Nine men out of ten will state their attitude toward the motor vehicle in almost the words quoted. The nine have no prejudice against the motor, nor for the horse; they simply want that which is best and cheapest for their use, and, quite naturally, they decline to dispense with the horse until the motor has proven itself capable of taking the animal's place under any and all conditions of service.

Makers of motor vehicles, unwisely for themselves and for their wares, are aiding the growth of this disbelief in automobile capability when they talk of "seasons." You go to a maker or to an agent and ask him about this thing or that, and before you know it he will excuse himself or the vehicle by telling you that "this is not the season for automobiles; come around in the spring when people are buying them and I'll talk to you."

Such a speech, and the majority of automobile sellers make use of it, is a virtual confession that the popular doubt of the motor vehicle being an all the year around conveyance is not without a foundation in fact. This is not so; the facts are directly the opposite, and owners, sellers and makers of automobiles knowing it to be so should never allow themselves to talk of "seasons" in relation to automobiling.

If the motored vehicle is nothing but a fair weather, Sunday sort of a conveyance, which can not be better used under the ordinary conditions that a horse drawn one can, then the thing has neither a present nor a future, and those who buy or build automobiles are only mistaken enthusiasts whose time and money are being worse than wasted.

If there is any "season" when the motored vehicle can not be used, then it is at best only a partial success, and that is but one degree removed from failure. While the brave and the brainy ones are working to hasten the coming of the day when the perfect vehicle shall have been arrived at, the least that the weak-kneed drones and doubters can do is to refrain from talking "season" in connection with the present vehicle's usefulness.

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When a boat scarce bigger than a skiff is driven across the Atlantic ocean by an explosive engine using only ordinary kerosene for fuel, then the long-looked-for day when the expensive explosive gasoline motor will be replaced by the cheap and safe kerosene one is in sight. The success achieved by this little craft in crossing the ocean means a lot to the automobile, since what has been achieved on water can easily be duplicated on land, and the substitution of kerosene for gasoline in automobile power generation will once and for all solve a lot of knotty problems which are just now perplexing automobilists and clouding the complete triumph of the new method of conveyance.

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There can be no denying that the Frenchman knew what he was doing when he equipped the fast-moving automobile with that barbarous, fish-mouthed, bulbous-backed barker known as a cyclorn. This ear-splitting announcer of an automobile's approach has a full category of virtues if it has only one—it will clear the track. Neither man nor beast stands upon the order of his going when his tympanum is lacerated by the cyclorn's shriek, but the price paid for the shrieker's road-clearing powers is a lasting hatred on the part of every one who has heard it. Movers the squawking horn may and does make, but friends—never.

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Man isn't long interested in motor propulsion before he learns that advice is something which would keep the world well fed if it were only meant to be eaten instead of acted upon.



# Mainly about Men and Motors

**L**ONG ISLAND officialdom for some reason a few months ago took a violent dislike to the automobile. Whether the residence of William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., on the island had anything to do with it or not, is not known, but it remains a fact, nevertheless, that the average Long Island official has not accepted the automobile with good grace.

It has been said that the average Long Island constable quickly scented the automobile as a good thing, and the revenue that he has derived from has so convinced was right that, like "wants more." The shops are not back-the spoils, and this, toriety - seeking has made the life tomobile tourist on thing but a blissful not be inferred, that the anti-auto-



the justice shops him that his scent Oliver Twist, he aforesaid justice ward in providing coupled with a no-district attorney, of the average au-Long Island any-dream. It must however, from this, mobile feeling is

prevalent everywhere on Long Island, for such is not the case. There is an influential class of Long Islanders, keepers of stores, restaurants and hotels, such like, who have profited by the advent of the automobile, as the average automobilist not only has money to spend, but he spends it. These people do not sympathize with the attorney, the justice and the constable, with the natural result that there is a pretty stiff argument on.

Where the sympathy of the Long Island business man is enlisted, was shown recently when the American Motor League took up the arrest of "Wally" Owen in order to make a test case of his arrest. Owen declared to the writer that he had been timed with Waterbury watches, and that not one of the constables who have

presumed to time fast and slow automobilists were capable watchholders. It was the intention of the American Motor League to check up the accuracy of the granger watchholders with New York experts, but the foxy gentlemen who have had a good thing were warned, and so on the particular Sunday when the test was to be made, Long Island roads were free for all; no constables or justices were doing any business on that day.

The way the authorities went about timing the automobilists was like this: They first measured off a one-eighth mile on the road, and then they stationed a man with a flag at the commencement of the measurement, and a man with a "watch" at the other end. As the automobilist passed the man at the beginning of the measured distance the Long Islander dropped a flag, and at the same time he was supposed to start a watch going. When the automobilist passed the man at the finish that timer looked at his watch, then compared it with the man at the starting point. How either man could be positive of the exact time under such an arrangement was what puzzled Owen, even when he admits that the starting timer trotted ahead of him and got at the finish before the automobile, which Owen, not without reason, thinks proves that he was not going extremely fast.

The Owen case was postponed, owing, it is said, to the opposition the authorities were confronted with from the sane people of that particular section of automobile official activity at Freeport, L. I. Of course no one believes in reckless speeding, and there is no doubt but what a few of those who possess racing vehicles have violated the speed limit; it is to these violators that we are indebted for the zeal that the Long Island official has displayed.

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In this connection, it is now a well-known fact that the price of live and dead stock has increased amazingly over there since the automobile appeared on the roads. I have not got present quotations, but McDougal, the cartoonist, recently gave a list of the prices asked by the natives for superannuated horses, cows and chickens. These prices are not quoted on the live stock exchange, and can be accepted as in a distinct class—the automobile class. The number of fatalities





among decrepit and useless live stock on Long Island has been wonderful in the past six months, and it is said an industry has sprung up over there which is the most profitable that has been started for years, not even excepting the Miller syndicate, which was the best thing of its kind up to the time the Long Island ruralite introduced his automobile "accident" industry. When a horse on Manhattan Island gets too feeble for further use, the Automobile Animal Killing Syndicate carts him over to Long Island. The poor equine is led to one of the automobile thoroughfares, and if he is attached to a vehicle, so much the better. Then the leader scans the horizon for the signs of an approaching automobile. When one is seen coming at a good rate of speed, the sacrifice is pulled across the road, and the next moment the automobile owner is presented with a bill for the value of a thoroughbred with a long pedigree, while the price asked for the ramshackle vehicle would create envy in the offices of Studebaker.

This profitable industry, it is said, was started through Col. John Jacob Astor, who gave a boy \$50 as the life price of a little yellow dog, and then some man with a \$10 horse wilfully got in the way of Col. Astor's car and he was paid \$300, after proving, of course, that Maud S. was the mother of his dear departed, and that Robert Bonner and the late Commodore Vanderbilt never drove anything finer.

Probably the two youngest automobilists in the world live and thrive in that very healthy town and State, Springfield, Vermont. I beg leave to introduce them to AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE readers as Kenneth Hazen Woolson, aged five, and Eric Amasa Woolson, aged three and one-half. These boys are the sons of one of the pioneer and mostenthusiastic of New England automobilists, W. D. Woolson, treasurer of the Jones & Lamson Machine Company. Mr. Woolson is possessed of a strong vein of humor, and his article in our March issue entitled "The Vagaries of a Vermont Automobile," proves that Mr. Woolson, the writer of it, is a man who goes through life laughing at troubles and having a lot of fun out of them. Unlike most people, Mr. Woolson does




not expect perfection in anything, and is not willing to wait for it, but goes right ahead extracting enjoyment and profit out of the things as they are to-day, in the meantime he takes chances on what to-morrow will bring him; it was this kind of philosophy which induced Mr. Woolson to get one of the early automobiles.

Mr. Woolson's present vehicle is a 16-H. P. one, made by the Peerless Manufacturing Company, of Cleveland, and of the carriage Mr. Woolson says "it is first-class in every respect. I have tried it on these very hard Vermont country roads and I have never yet had it stop with me, except when I wanted it to."

At my request, on his return from Europe, Mr. Woolson sent me eight pictures of his little sons, who are depicted as operating, repairing and examining this Peerless of their father's. The boys are enthusiastic, and whenever the father is around with the automobile they are never quite happy until they are invited to join him. The smallest boy, Eric, while out with his mother recently, passed a peanut roaster, which was run by a gasolene flame. The little fellow turned up his nose and remarked: "I smell papa's 'mobile," which shows that he has mastered one of the characteristics of the gasolene carriage.

The pictures of these Woolson boys will appear in various issues of the *AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE*, so that they will soon become known to our readers.



In common with a good many other people, I regretted to see John Brisbane Walker withdraw his automobiles, the "Rapid Transit" steam vehicles, from the downtown streets. Those who have to cross town from the Wall street ferry to Cortlandt street, and vice versa, found that the steamers were a good thing, and willingly paid the ten cent charges asked for riding in them. It is said that the cause of the withdrawal was the repair bills, which amounted to more than the profits. But

no matter what the cause, the withdrawal was not a good thing for automobiling, since it was taken by the general public as a confession of failure on the part of Mr. Walker.

Whether the fault was with the construction of the vehicles or not, I am unable to say. But it is a well-known fact in the trade that the pioneer steam vehicles were far from perfect and their

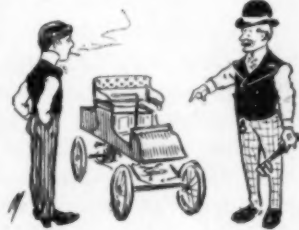
many failures did not do the automobile business any good. Why perfection should have been expected is one of the remarkable things, since the early builders had little to go by in the way of precedent. Even so, however, there is no excuse now for building poor vehicles when the White, Prescott and Century people have very conclusively demonstrated that a good steam vehicle can be built.

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Referring to Mr. Walker's company reminds me of an article which appeared in a Newark paper some time ago, which told of an outing by the Ray-Palmer Club. This club is composed of ladies, and they go somewhere each week, so it came to pass that for one Saturday they selected a trip to Tarrytown via Mr. Walker's steam vehicle line. The Ray-Palmers were loaded into four vehicles, the first of which carried the luncheon. According to the chronicler of the trip only one vehicle reached Tarrytown, and that was the one with the lunch aboard. The rest fell by the wayside, causing the Ray-Palmers to do some tall pedestrian work before they finally caught up with the lunch at Tarrytown, where the first automobile had landed after some terrible experiences. From all of which it would seem that Mr. Walker has not learned to do things in automobile building quite as successfully as he has in some other directions.

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The T. B. Jeffrey Automobile Company have adopted a wise plan with their agents, and one which other automobile makers can follow with profit to themselves and satisfaction to others. As soon as an agent is secured and he has bought a Rambler, a man from the factory is sent, and the new agent is thoroughly instructed, not only in handling the machine, but in how to make the minor repairs in it as well. This sort of mission work is much appreciated by the agent, who oftentimes is not overburdened with knowledge of automobile construction. Furthermore, a mechanic direct from the factory can do much toward smoothing out the rough places for him in his new departure.



In connection with the Jeffrey people, I was interested in seeing the sportsmanlike stand the above company took after the recent

Chicago run. An over-zealous reporter of a paper published at the home of the Rambler, Kenosha, put out a story stating that the Jeffrey people had made protests of unfair treatment in the run. George W. Bennett, the ever-aggressive head of the Jeffrey sales department, promptly called the reporter to task, and sent out a disclaimer, which had the true ring of the sportsman, and which stated plainly that the Rambler "had no kicks coming," and was perfectly willing at all times to take its chances over fair and bad roads with the best of them. And as the Rambler had been right up along side of the band wagon all through the run, there was no room for argument. This is a sort of thing which will win more friends for the Rambler, though the Kenosha carriage doesn't seem to me to need any more of these than it already has.

The sailing of Harlan W. Whipple, of the Automobile Club of America and the New Jersey Automobile Club, will create an un-



fillable void in the ranks of the fun-provoking good fellows of New York and New Jersey. Harlan W. Whipple is easily the most popular

member of the above clubs, and his absence will be mourned. Mr. Whipple was recently selected as one of the dozen of automobilists in the United States to be elected a member of the New York Press Club, and the writer had the honor of proposing him. Among other members of the automobile fraternity who became members were: George H. Day, president of the Electric Vehicle Co.; William Morgan, of the Autocar Co.; W. D. Gash and Mr. Gallaher, of the Searchmont Co.; Henry C. Cryder, of the Automobile Co. of America; Winthrop E. Scarritt, president of the Automobile Clubs Association, and other well-known men. The advent of these prominent gentlemen in the New York Press Club gave the men of the pen and pencil a fairly good idea of the quality of American automobilists, and disabused their minds of the more or less accepted fact that the automobilists were a lot of people whose chief delight was running over man and beast, and strange to say, it is a fact that the New York papers have been very much less virulent in their denunciations of the automobile driver since these gentlemen have become known to the press clubites.

Referring to Mr. Whipple and Winthrop E. Scarritt, there is a sort of David and Jonathan friendship between them, so that when you see Whipple you may be sure you'll find Scarritt somewhere in the immediate neighborhood, and vice versa. This fact is always commented on, and is all the more noticeable because the men are so entirely different in temperament. Both are good story tellers and each is easily the life of any party he is in. One of Whipple's weaknesses is buying automobiles, and he is always impressed with Mr. Scarritt's automobile judgment, and he never loses any time in disposing of his own vehicle and acquiring Mr. Scarritt's latest purchase. Touchin' on and appertainin' to this, as the Hon. "Bill" Devery would say, Mr. Scarritt tells this story: "I have owned at one time or another a sample of nearly every vehicle built in America. That is, every distinct make, and my friend Whipple has also owned them." Then Mr. Scarritt told about his first purchase, a Stanley steamer, which he eventually managed to land in East Orange from Newton, after blowing up the boiler in Rhode Island and a desperate battle with sixteen million mosquitoes in the Newark meadows while under the machine, alternately gazing at the machinery and the stars. "I got the French fever," said Mr. Scarritt, "and made up my mind that I would not be happy until I got a great big French automobile. Along it came at last, and I ran it up town to a storage place, so I could examine the machinery from the repairman's pit. It was one of those four-cylindereed vehicles, and as I looked upward from the pit by the aid of an electric lamp and saw the two thousand-odd parts of that big vehicle, I just made up my mind that the first man who came along with a check book could have just all my right and title thereto. I was afraid of it." Turning to Whipple, who sat alongside of him while he was telling the story, Mr. Scarritt said: "My friend Whipple was the first man along, and I got his check and he got my French vehicle." Whipple joined in the roar, and remarked: "I'll get even with you, Winthrop, yet!" And he will.

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With the return of Carlton R. Mabley from Europe, America regains a man who comes mighty close to being at the very top of the automobile game. To look at him you would hardly expect the smooth-faced, self-possessed young man who acknowledges being Mr. Mabley to be the same who told the biggest makers in Europe to ship him one million dollars' worth of automobiles within the next twelve months. When you come to talk with him, however,

you soon lose sight of Mr. Mabley's apparent youthfulness, and you find in him a man who has studied the automobile industry both wisely and well. The intimate acquaintanceship which Mr. Mabley has with every phase of the game makes you wonder how he could have acquired it all in so short a time. It is a liberal education on the past, the present and the future of automobilists to get Mr. Mabley started talking about them, but, unfortunately, it isn't easy to get him started, as he is essentially a man of action, rather than one of words. I'll miss my guess if the name Carlton R. Mabley don't rank high on the list of successful Americans before many years, and this, too, without regard to whether the gentleman may elect to confine his talents to automobiling or transfer them to bigger and broader fields.

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Alcohol motors are each day growing more and more successful abroad, though they are a little slow in getting into line here. The human motor often finds that a little alcohol is of an advantage, but the kind of liquid fuel that the human motor is offered at the usual roadside resort under the name of "whisky" would ruin the insides of a steel motor, say nothing of a human one. A little good whisky, understand me, good whisky, is a handy thing to have around an automobile, as a medicine more than as a beverage. The wise man sees to it that a bottle of some pure liquor, like Duffy's Malt Whisky, is always stored away in a convenient place on the automobile. You never know when you will need something of the kind, and when you do need it you want the best and want it right away. That's why the wise automobilist has taken to carrying his supply with him and why the automobile of the future is sure to be a ball-bearing affair.

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The bicycle did much for the roads of our country, but the automobile will do more. The farmer recognizes the automobile as a vehicle, but no amount of Supreme Court decisions could ever make the majority of farmers believe that the bicycle was such a thing as a vehicle. With the advent of the automobile the good roads agitation took on renewed life, so that to-day a great good roads crusade is on, indorsed and





backed by our leading thinkers and statesmen. One of the writer's hobbies has been for years to call attention to the fact that a good many of our prison inmates could be utilized to good advantage in the construction of roads, instead of employing them as is now largely done in direct competition with free skilled labor. Prison contractors are paying as low as ten cents a day per capita for prison labor, and the product of that labor oftentimes being articles of commerce is in direct competition with those of the free labor market. I have interviewed governors North and South on this question, and with only one or two exceptions, have always found they were in favor of doing away with the contract labor system, and using prisoners on public works, such as the construction of roads, etc. The convict is of course not to be considered, so far as his choice of work is concerned, but I think if his preference were asked he would prefer to work in the open air and sunlight rather than in the gloomy structures where he is employed to-day. In road work the convict would be doing something of value as a recompense and payment for his misdeeds, and there is no avenue of employment which would be more useful to his country than the building of good roads, which would stop his competition with those who pay for his keeping.

In talking with George H. Day, president of the Electric Vehicle Company, of Hartford, about the famous Selden patents, Mr. Day ventured the belief that it looked to him as though his company, who own the patents, might some day invite automobile manufacturers to step up to the captain's desk and settle. The Selden patent is supposed to be basic in gasoline motor construction, and if it is, and will win the great legal battle which will be fought over it, I can see a pleasant, easy time for Mr. Day, who, by the way, deserves a rest, since no man has been called upon to do greater things than he. It will be remembered that Mr. Day was the works manager for the great Pope bicycle plant, and more credit is due Mr. Day for the magnificent manufacture and profits that flowed into the Pope treasury than was ever given him by a public who, as usual, knew little of the power behind the throne.



I knew it would come—the automobile in the divorce court. The bicycle had a long and useful career in managing to create a separation between two, and no two wheels can never revolve fast enough to keep up with the mischief that the bicycle has done.

But now comes the "White Ghost," formerly owned by Mr. Vanderbilt, and Chicago is the scene of its action. The wife of the man who now owns the White Ghost did not complain when her husband took the other girl in all sorts of rigs, which were duly specified and catalogued by the industrious attorney as traps, spiders, phaetons and single-seated vehicles, though just why a woman should complain of a single-seated vehicle is beyond comprehension. But when the White Ghost meandered along the Lake Shore drive and cast the shadows of its two occupants on Lake Michigan, then it was the aggrieved wife thought it time for the White Ghost owner to be favored with a 20-h. p. kick, which she duly registered in court, so if it had not been for the appearance of the White Ghost in Chicago at least two hearts would still be beating as one.

It is pleasing to notice that the New York papers are not belaboring the automobilist with so much vigor as they were a few weeks since. I hope that this temporary let-up is not due entirely to vacation days, with the result that at the end of the dog days the assaults will again commence. The average thinker and observer must be more impressed every day with the fact that the automobile has a wonderful future before it, and that it will be a great blessing to man and beast. To man it will mean the saving of life, as it means that the sick will be transported into the country air, and that the doctor will fly to his patient as on the wings of the wind, whereas the stopping to harness the horse, and his slow-going progress after he is under way may mean the loss of a life.

Eventually it will mean the doing away of the horse as a beast of burden, and that always appeals to me as one of the greatest things the automobile will do. This fact is brought home to you stronger than ever in the downtown business streets of our large cities, where the horse is burdened with loads that will not be necessary when the automobile truck and delivery wagon will have



taken his place. And did you ever stop to think what a saving it will be to street surfaces, and what thousands of dollars will be saved in the cleaning thereof? The automobile will be the sanitary salvation of the city, and a priceless boon to the man who can afford to buy his home in the suburbs.

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In Lockport, N. Y., there is a small but vigorous concern known as Schaffer, Bunce & Co., who are doing a business in running gears, which is winning for the firm golden opinions, east and west of the Missouri River. The Lockport firm makes a specialty of a running gear for vehicles of from 600 to 3,000 pounds weight. This firm does not attempt to compete with the quantity production of larger makers, but in quality Mr. Bunce declares he will allow none to excel him, and that once an article made by his firm is sold, it not only stays sold, but gives entire satisfaction as well. The S. B. Company have had quite a run on their completed vehicles, which are shipped ready for the purchaser to instal any sort of motor he may prefer. They also make two steam engines for automobiles known as the Duplex and Compound, the latter being a new and up-to-date affair, which looks a winner all over.

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The writer called on Professor Sweet, of the Straight Line Engine Works, recently, and during some conversation Professor Sweet asked if I had seen the gasolene automobile, which was designed and made under the superintendence of that clever mechanical engineer, John Wilkinson. Professor Sweet declared that as far as he could see, Mr. Wilkinson had eliminated the two principal objections to the gasolene vehicle, noise and vibration. Professor Sweet, who is known the world over in mechanical engineering circles, was enthusiastic over the Wilkinson idea, and this coming from a man who was professor of the Cornell Engineering School for several years, is worthy of careful consideration.

"Now," said the Professor, "if Mr. Wilkinson can do away with the unpleasant odor which all gasolene carriages leave behind them, he will have overcome the trinity of principal objections to the explosive motored vehicle. Of course, you know it is not the gasolene consumed that makes the odor; it is the gasolene which, through imperfect combustion, is not fired, and then becomes mixed with cylinder oil, which causes the smell. In my old practice days, I used beeswax as a substitute for cylinder oil, and I found that doing so did away with a great deal of the odor. I do not believe

the beeswax would burn while the heat of the cylinder would be sufficient to melt it in the oil cups."

Speaking to Tom Midgley, of the Midgley Wheel Co., about what Professor Sweet said, Mr. Midgley, who has had considerable experience with gasoline motors, declared the Professor was right, and suggested that a mixture of beeswax and graphite would be about the right thing for cylinder lubrication. In any event, Mr. Wilkinson is going to try the beeswax idea, and as there is no Beeswax Trust—as yet—it may be that a new economy in maintenance is near at hand.

In Buffalo they tell a story of Howard Smith and Lawrence Gardner being held up by a farmer near East Aurora, because Gardner had bumped his Pierce motorette into the farmer's cow. The cow was not injured, but the farmer wanted some balm for the cow's feelings, which Smith admits must have been hurt, judging by the way the cow bellowed. The farmer grabbed a big rock and demanded that the automobilists stop or he would cause the stone to leave his hand and find a stopping place on some one's anatomy. It was here that the Smith strategy came in. He pulled a mammoth nickel-plated wrench on the farmer, telling him sternly if he did not drop that Goliath killer he would be shot dead; the rock was promptly dropped. Then the matter was amicably discussed between the farmer and Gardner, the farmer declaring he would not talk to Smith, because he had pulled a gun on him.

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The present experiments with steel for streets are, I think, most wise, and if the experiments result in something of the kind being adopted it seems to me we will thus gain the cheapest and most lasting of all streets. There is no question that loads can be drawn over a steel road easier than over any other form of road construction. The streets can be easily drained, and the climatic conditions will not affect them, as is the case with asphalt. I would like to see a steel road from New York to San Francisco, a sort of Roman Appian Way, to which all roads will lead and be lost in the main artery. As an automobile road, the steel road would be the thing, and I question whether it would be any harder on tires than any other form of road construction. It is fortunate that a man like Charles M. Schwab is taking an interest in these steel roads. This great American, of course, has not lost sight of the possible market it will afford the steel trust.



